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NEW STATESMAN

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UP-COUNTRY IN RHODESIA
The truth about election violence

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EXCLUSIVE

BRITISH PRESS TOTALLY FREE- OFFICIAL

By our Lobby Staff

Whitehall February 29. Official sources last night said that legislation would be ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ considered, if necessary, to prevent irresponsible left-wing claims that there are restrictions on freedom of discussion in the United Kingdom. ~~xxxx~~ 'There are no shackles on press freedom in this country', said one official, 'and if anyone sugg sts otherwise, he or she could get into a good deal of trouble'.

Newspapers: the golden monopoly

Kill a cow: live in clover
Can Ulster survive Thatcherism?
Battle of the bubblegum factory

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol 99 29 February 1980 No 2554

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NOTES

Failing to limit freedom

Patrick Wintour writes: The engineers' union, the AUEW, has always been one of the unions most vocal in its support for Russian dissidents, but the attitude of its leaders to pluralism within its own union is becoming increasingly bad. A month ago they objected to the Labour Party taking a position on the dismissal of Derek Robinson. The last week has seen the AUEW executive dismiss two members of the AUEW research department for doing work in their own time for Bob Wright, an official opposed to the leadership of Terry Duffy and Sir John Boyd. There is another hitherto unpublicised incident.

Late last year Sir John Boyd wrote in his capacity as general secretary to Jeff Rooker, the Labour front bench spokesman on social services, attacking Rooker for accepting an invitation to speak at a meeting of Roy Fraser's unofficial craft committee. Boyd wrote in the following McCarthyite tone:

> My Executive council are deeply concerned that reports have reached us regarding a meeting which you are alleged to have addressed in Birmingham on or about Saturday, 6th October, 1979. The meeting we refer to was called in contravention of the rules of our union and its express objective was to attack the constitution of this union. If the report of your attendance is accurate, I would be grateful for your early observation and comments.

Mr Rooker is neither sponsored as an MP by the AUEW nor is he a member of the AUEW. He is a member of ASTMS and has, since the 1977 strike of Leyland toolmakers, supported the claims of Midlands craftsmen for better pay. The meeting in Birmingham was public and attended by over one hundred members from five different unions from many different companies. Rooker has often been critical of the inadequate structure of older unions which makes them ill-equipped to effectively bargain with the more modern concentrated company structure.

Jeff Rooker replied to Boyd's letter:

> You appear to convey the impression that I am responsible to yourself or to your executive council. I see it as part of my function as a Labour MP to make myself available, if requested, by any group of workers to discuss the political aspects of current problems in our society. These groups may be assembled by a trade union or trade unions. On the other hand they may be called by shop stewards or shop steward combines on a company or occupational basis.

Sir John Boyd, undaunted, wrote back on 29 October:

> Whether you should assist in the setting up of an organisation whose express intention is to attack our trade union is a matter for you to decide. We must point out that wages and conditions of our members are looked after by our respective District Committees under the control of our executive council, and we would ask you to refrain from involving yourself in the domestic affairs of this trade union.

Rooker replied telling him he would attend any meetings he wished, in order to 'articulate the cause of all workers whether they be skilled, semi-skilled or managerial ... so I hope you will not continue this banal correspondence'. There, suitably chastened, Sir John Boyd left his attempts to limit Jeff Rooker's speaking engagements.

Scots rural sell-out

Rob Edwards writes: The prospects of decent housing for the 15,000 families in rural Scotland who are in urgent need of housing and waiting for a council house suffered a severe blow last week. For a paltry twenty minutes the House of Commons Committee (which has been sitting for thirty hours altogether) considered the Tenants' Rights, Etc. (Scotland) Bill, discussed and decided upon a special provision covering the sale of council houses in rural areas. The amendment that was so hastily accepted by the Minister of State for Scottish Affairs, Malcolm Rifkind, will only allow some rural authorities to apply pre-emption rights (the right to buy back any former council house when the purchaser wishes to sell), in areas where a *third of the houses have already been sold,* i.e. when it is too late.

A recent survey by Shelter of seventeen Scottish rural authorities (mostly either Independent or Conservative) could not find one that welcomed the planned legislation. Nine authorities wanted the retention of unrestricted pre-emption rights – of whom seven made it clear that they would prefer the retention of local discretion to sell. Of the rest, most had reservations about the legislation; others were unspecific. The concern fell among the housing officials is even more widespread.

The balance of tenure in rural Scotland is radically different from the nation as a whole. Around 58 per cent of Scotland's urban housing is local authority-owned, compared to 38 per cent of rural housing. The difference is especially marked on the islands. A recent Scottish Office report on rural housing – forced into the limelight after its existence was publicised – highlights the features of rural areas which conspire to limit access to good housing; the prevalence of low incomes, high house prices, unenthusiastic building societies, the large number of (mainly private sector) sub-standard houses and the limited and declining number of private houses to rent. It is clear that rural areas need more houses, not less. In the unfortunate words of the report: 'local authorities need to be less "conservative" in their new building plans'.

Rural District Councils are thus understandably worried that the combination of last week's 20 per cent cut in their housing capital allocation, and the enforced sale of their houses will badly erode the quantity and quality of council housing in their areas. The compromise which Scottish Tories could have accepted and which their English colleagues already have, would have been to allow rural authorities to impose a ten year pre-emption condition on *any* house that is sold. This would have enabled them to buy back all houses that are resold within ten years and to ensure that they are reallocated on the basis of need to one of the 15,000 or more improperly housed and homeless on the rural waiting list.

Dodging the draft again

Brian Wilson writes from New Hampshire: Three hundred young people stood in the slush of Manchester, New Hampshire last Saturday to hear anti-conscription speeches from Nobel prize winner George Wald, David Landau of the American Civil Liberties Union and veteran of the anti-Vietnam war campaign Tom Hayden. All three urged their audience to refuse to register for the draft when called on to do so. With similar meetings going on all over the country, a mass movement is taking root and the draft promises to become a major issue as the presidential campaign progresses.

This week a Senate sub-committee is looking at President Carter's request for the 21 million dollars he needs to give substance to his proposal to have young people registered for the draft. Their recommendation will go to the appropriations committee. Landau believes that if he is given financial clearance, which is likely in the present climate, Carter will not back down on his proposed schedule. He wants all 19- and 20-year olds to register in June during two five-day periods. Those who fail to do so will be liable to five years in jail and a 10,000 dollar fine. From next January everyone turning 18 will be required to register.

Carter says that the opponents of registration are over-reacting, but polls at Berkeley and Los Angeles universities have already shown close on 50 per cent of potential draftees saying that they will not register. Hayden told his New Hampshire audience: 'You are the first generation to have the privilege of stopping a war before it ever starts'. Wald said: 'If a few of you refuse to register, you're for it. But they can't put you all in jail'. A major

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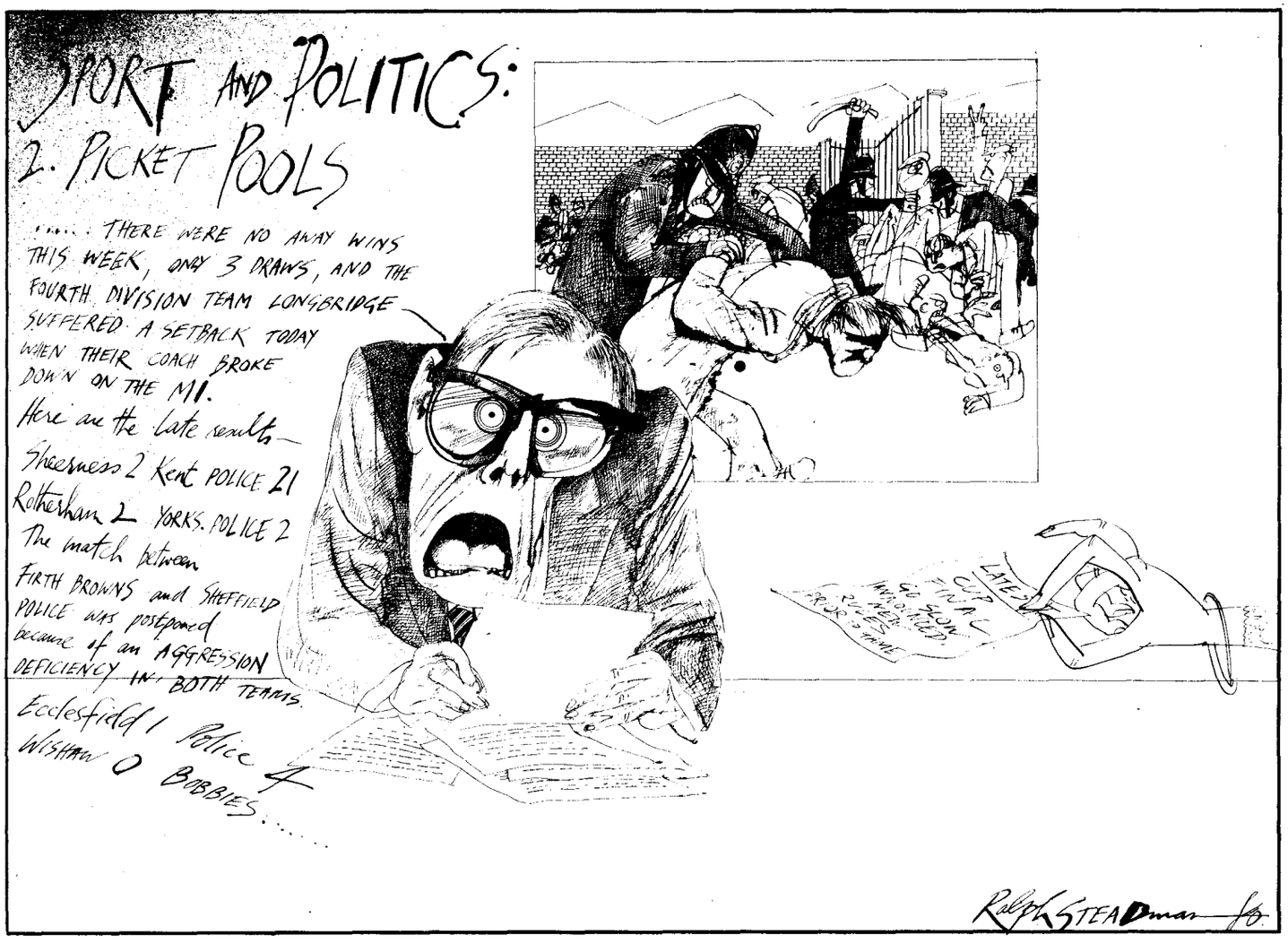
SPORT AND POLITICS:
2. PICKET POOLS
..... THERE WERE NO AWAY WINS THIS WEEK, ONLY 3 DRAWS, AND THE FOURTH DIVISION TEAM LONGBRIDGE SUFFERED A SETBACK TODAY WHEN THEIR COACH BROKE DOWN ON THE M1.
Here are the late results—
Sheerness 2 Kent POLICE 21
Rotherham 2 YORKS. POLICE 2
The match between FIRTH BROWNS and SHEFFIELD POLICE was postponed because of an AGGRESSION DEFICIENCY IN BOTH TEAMS.
Ecclesfield 1 Police 4
Wisham 0 BOBBIES.....
LATE
Ralph STEADMAN

NOTES

anti-draft march is planned for Washington on 22 March.

Knight's broad view

Christopher Hird writes: Sir Arthur Knight is not proving as pliant a chairman of the National Enterprise Board as some hoped and others feared. Last week he addressed the National Association of Pension Funds, the members of whom, the investment managers of Britain's pension funds, have command of some of the biggest chunks of investment money in the country. These men are frequently castigated by the dangerous people of the Left, such as those of the NEW STATESMAN, for taking too narrow a view of what is in the long-term interests of their pensioners: a matter of some importance given the extreme concentration of power in British capitalism. As nobody believes a word of this when it appears in the NS, it is worth reporting Sir Arthur Knight's views on the matter.

After stressing that he was 'deeply at one' with the Tories' attempts to reduce the scope of the state and re-establish the role of market forces, Sir Arthur went on to discuss the NEB's involvement in INMOS, Britain's only high-volume semiconductor operation with a design, development and production capability. Why did the private sector not invest in this? Because, Sir Arthur says, investors have 'deeply entrenched notions': industrial investments are expected to produce dividends in two or three years. INMOS doesn't fit this criterion and 'any discussion with large investors is brought to an end by a reference to their duties to their policy holders or pensioners.' Though, as he points out, the same institutions take a long view when they invest in property.

So, Sir Arthur – who is chairman of Courtaulds – concludes: 'I cannot take seriously the jibe about "playing God in the market place" . . . in the issues with which the NEB is concerned the market place consists of the decisions of a relatively few individuals. It is too often forgotten that 80 per cent of our manufacturing industry is run by 400 firms in each of which three or four people are responsible for the key strategic decisions – say 1500 at most. And in the investing industry I would guess that the number of key individuals is even smaller.'

Meanwhile, producing the NEB guidelines seems to be taking longer than expected. Originally Sir Keith Joseph promised that the NEB 'will have a catalytic investment role especially in connection with advanced technology' but in drafting the guidelines, he has, to the NEB board's dismay, replaced the '*especially*' with more restrictive wording.

Tories' war against old age pensioners

Frank Field writes: The recent spate of Cabinet ministers huffing and puffing in public about the difficulties of making the next round of public expenditure cuts is little more than a smokescreen. The Government has already made almost 20 per cent of next year's public spending cuts by stealthily knocking £195m off pensions and other benefits.

This saving – a euphemism for saying that pensioners will receive smaller pensions – has been made by abolishing the commitment in Labour's 1975 Social Security Act to increase pensions and other long-term benefits in line with prices or earnings, depending on which formula was most favourable to claimants. The present Social Security Bill before Parliament replaces this commitment with a pledge to review pensions in line with prices. The Government claims that this is a minimum commitment and, in its generosity, will ensure that pensioners share in any increase in living standards, just as they did under the Heath government.

However, consider the Government's behaviour so far. Back in June the Government estimated a rise in earnings of 17.5 per cent and based pension increases on this. The latest earnings figures show a rise from last November of 19.2 per cent – a shortfall of 1.7 per cent. But the Secretary of State, Patrick Jenkin, has been quick to point out that the Government had no legal duty to make good the shortfall; under the new Social Security Bill the Government similarly will have no duty to increase pensions in line with earnings.

The Government also claim that 'between 1970 and 1974 pensions in fact kept closely in line with earnings, though there was no statutory requirement to do so'. The facts speak otherwise: whether one looks at the single pension rates or at those for married couples, pensions fell as a percentage of net earnings. For example, the value of a married couple's pension was 36.5 per cent of net earnings in 1970. By the end of 1973, the last Tory uprating, the pension had fallen to 34.6 per cent of net earnings.

A key part of the Tory argument is that Labour's formula has a 'ratchet effect': pensions must inevitably move nearer to average earnings under a formula which increases them in line with prices or earnings, whichever is the greatest. But this is not necessarily so. In 1975 – the year in which the commitment was given statutory effect – the single pension was valued at 28.5 per cent of net earnings. By 1979 a single person's pension stood at 28.3 per cent of average net earnings. The effect of the Government's major savings on the pensions front will be a fall in the relative value of pensions and other major social security benefits over the next five years.

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Thugs in coffee-coloured shirts

Most British press reports (see montage) have blamed Robert Mugabe and his Zanu (PF) followers for the violence during this month's Rhodesian election campaign. DAVID CAUTE, the NS literary editor and an authority on Rhodesia, has been travelling round the country and has found considerable evidence of intimidation — but from an entirely different quarter.

IN A QUIET suburb of Salisbury young girls are playing netball in smart, servant-laundered kit: white maidens sheltering from the perils of multi-racialism in an expensive 'community' school. Outside the high fence, along broad grass verges, peach-skinned young women ride their horses, trailing long golden hair in a light summer breeze like advertisements for mentholated cigarettes. Meanwhile, up and down the tarmac, muscular young men toil against the evening heat, no doubt preparing to defend the honour of white womanhood in a last-ditch stand against the evil black communist who has bought a house two hundred yards up the road.

Robert Mugabe's residence in Mount Pleasant is now protected by a high wall against further grenade and rocket attacks. At the gate the bodyguards frisk you in relays with real determination: if your balls are grenades they'll find out. Soon the most hated man in white Rhodesia walks across the lawn, high-shouldered, beak nosed, and begins with sardonic lucidity to document the dirty tricks currently employed against him by the enemies of 'terrorism'.

Why has no one been charged with the grenade attack on his house or the rocket attack which killed one of his activists in Chipinga? Why has no one been arrested following the expert attempt to ambush his car near Fort Victoria with 40kg of explosives, manually detonated at a distance of 100 metres? Or take the case — Mugabe's voice is metal-cold as he carries his indictment to Rhodesia's highest military authorities – of the attempt on a single night to blow up four Christian churches. Bishop Muzorewa and the Rhodesian front immediately screamed 'Marxism'. Bad luck that the culprits, Lt Edward Piringondo and Corporal Morgan Moyo, blew themselves up in their Renault 12 sedan when about to bomb the fourth church, in Harare; even worse luck that Zanu (PF) supporters got to the scene first and laid hands on the car's registration certificate. The dead bombers were Selous Scouts from Inkomo barracks.

Or take the case of the Mambo press at Gwelo, for years the most progressive publishing house in Rhodesia. On Wednesday, 20 February, I drove down to visit Father Albert Plangger, who had recently republished the banned weekly *Moto* on Mambo's presses. Returning there at 11 p.m. to stay the night, we were 'buzzed' at two yards' distance by a Land Rover showing no lights: it broke away when we turned towards Mambo. Two days later a fake edition of *Moto* was being given out free on the streets, its front page carrying a startling attack on Mugabe. Almost simultaneously with the public exposure of this dirty trick, at 2 a.m. on Sunday, Mambo's presses were blown sky high. As I write, heavy rain is pouring through the collapsed roof of the editorial offices. Again the bombers were unlucky: according to eyewitnesses, their remains indicated one black man, one white. But ZRBC's radio news has just reported one black and one 'unidentifiable'. We may assume that the car which roared away after the explosion will not be traced.

Father Killian Huesser, like Plangger a member of the Catholic Bethlehem order, was brutally murdered at the remote mission station of Berenjena at 2.30 a.m., Tuesday, 19 February. By Zanla, announced Combined Operations; by Zanla, dutifully echoed the media. Yet why had Berenjena remained alive and well for so many years in Zanla-held territory? A week before Father Killian's murder, soldiers had appeared and commanded him to use his authority to ensure a big turnout for a UANC rally to be addressed by Muzorewa; the Swiss priest had shown no enthusiasm for the project. According to witnesses, at least two of the 'Vakhomana' (freedom fighters) who arrived to kill Father Killian were identifiable as the soldiers who had come on the Bishop's behalf a week earlier. On the morning that he died of his wounds, a plane flew over the mission, trailing a banner: Vote UANC.

In black, rural Rhodesia the prime exponents of dirty tricks and intimidation as the election draws near are the Pfumo Revanhu, the pro-Muzorewa auxiliary forces who, some 30,000 strong, nominally operate under the control of the army or police. I shall confine myself to documenting their depredations in areas of which I have first-hand experience.

THE GOROMOZI district lies some 30 km east of Salisbury. Two middle-aged women, Irene and Patricia, mothers of six and five respectively, both of Mutswati kraal, report that auxiliaries arrived early on Friday, 15 February at the neighbouring Kadyaensai kraal, fired shots to prevent villagers escaping into the bush and then began beating men and women on the pretext that Zanla had been in the area. When the auxiliaries moved on to Mutswati and started burning huts, Irene and Patricia fled to Harare squatters' camp.

Goromozi again. When Mugabe returned to Rhodesia on 27 January and addressed a vast crowd in the African township of Highfield, among those present was a young trader called John, a dedicated supporter of Zanu (PF) and a self-confessed 'mujibah', or guerrilla scout. John returned in his own car from the Mugabe rally full of euphoria and posters, both of which he liberally – and, one suspects, not entirely soberly – pasted to the sky over Goromozi. The auxiliaries were soon on the scene. Alerted, he escaped but they got his nephew and shot him dead, then burnt John's sleeping hut, his granary hut and his kitchen hut. While his wife fled to her uncle in Sinoia, John joined 10,000 starving people in Harare squatters' camp.

The auxiliaries in Goromozi wear coffee-coloured shirts and long trousers. Their commander told me he is a former Zanla man but declined to explain why he had defected: 'It was no good.' He comes from Rusape but many of his men, reluctant though they are to discuss their past, have been recruited from the same squatters' camp at Harare to which their victims are driven. The Bishop may be viewed as a sort of Mack the Knife: diminutive king of the lumpen proletariat, his tail comfortably trapped between the knees of Southern African finance capital. His auxiliaries receive $70 a month, a smart uniform, and the assurance that they are among the few blacks who can be trusted not to behave like blacks.

At the Goromozi District Commissioner's office, Inspector Don Joss complains that 'unarmed terrorists' are currently holding meetings at night, 'politicising the people'. Questioned about the Pfumo Revanhu under his command, he denies that they carry any political affiliation – their passion in life is rebuilding schools, clinics and dip tanks. Clearly the Inspector and the DC cannot shed a legacy of hatred with the imminent prospect of their own redundancy. The DC, for example, still refers to the 'internal' and 'external' parties.

Beaming with unquenchable optimism and geniality, Major John Wainright, British election supervisor for the area, introduces himself – India, Kenya, the Lancers, Ascension Island: 'I've been in Africa before, you know.' The auxiliaries, in his view, are doing a splendid job, 'they're indispensable'. To his knowledge only Zanu (PF) has practised intimidation. Does the major ever go among the people unescorted, to hear their views? Actually, no – too dangerous and one could get lost, so he invariably takes along auxiliaries or black district assistants, who are 'extremely disciplined chaps'. Does this not associate him in the minds of the people with a detested colonial administration? The major recoils: 'You can get a very good idea from the way Africans in a group laugh and chat. Wherever we go people are extremely cheerful and polite.'

The white officer in charge of police paramilitary anti-terrorist operations cannot explain why, with less than 20 Zanla men now operating in his area and no serious incidents during the last couple of months he needs to deploy 185 auxiliaries. Nor why our flamboyant armed escort is travelling in trucks bearing South African registration plates. Nor why, as we climb out of a deep gorge, he finds it necessary to loose off several rounds of machine gun fire at the surrounding hills.

The day ends with a corpse on display – a young African, 18 or 20 years of age, lying on a rocky hilltop some 50 yards from Samall kraal, a neat hole in his head, the waistband of his flower-patterned shirt stained red. This Mujibah, we are first told, had been in the act of throwing a stick grenade when shot by an eight-man police patrol; sure enough an unexploded grenade lies beside his hand. Later a member of the patrol tells me that the African had been trying to 'gap it', to run away: only later had the grenade been found 'on the ground'. For some reason the corpse wears no shoes; lifting his left hand one finds on the third finger a broad ring embossed 'Zanu PF'.

HARASSMENT and intimidation of Zanu

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(PF) and the PF is rife in all areas, including those previously under Zanla or Zipra control. Take, for example, the large and hotly contested Midlands district. In Umvuma, 25 Zanu (PF) activists were arrested, including the party's district chairman and treasurer, Nevy Masendeke and Laxson Dzabula. In Chilimanzi Tribal Trust Land (TTL) Fred Homera, aged 24, and Clara Chigami, aged 17, both party organisers, were shot, though not fatally. At Lalapansi, which lies between Gwelo and Umvuma, Zanu (PF) campaigning resulted in Messrs Majange and Kufirwa, local organising secretary and chairman, being sent to Wha Wha prison, a place familiar to Ian Smith's detainees. They were told they would not be released until after the election. In the Chiwundura TTL, north-east of Gwelo, visiting PF cadres loyal to Nkomo have been hospitalised by UANC auxiliaries.

Twenty-five people returning to Umvuma

split up? Page 8

Soames in squeeze on Mugabe's election thugs

JOHN KELLEY in Salisbury

GOVERNOR LORD SOAMES clashed for 90 minutes last night with guerrilla boss Robert

Soames orders: Get the guerilla

Red terrorists bomb churches

SALISBURY: A bomb was discovered yesterday in Salisbury's Roman Catholic cathedral only hours after explosions rocked three other churches in the Rhodesian capital.

Worshippers were turned away as bomb disposal experts moved into the cathedral of the Sacred Heart.

The home-made bomb was concealed in a briefcase on which was scribbled the slogan: "Forward with Comrade President Magabe." A reference to guerrilla leader Robert Mugabe.

Mugabe tightens grip on poll

MARXIST Robert Mugabe now has more than 50 per cent. of Rhodesia's electoral areas in his grip. He looks

Guerillas 'ordered to wreck free election'

SALISBURY: British police have produced the first independent evidence that thousands of guerillas in Mr Robert Mugabe's army were ordered to

by bus from a large Zanu (PF) rally in Bulawayo on Sunday, 17 February, were dragged to the police station and not released until they had signed an admission of 'guilt'. Document: 'Admission of guilt No 274970. Arrested by constable Rusere No 25198. Mary Makere admits guilt under Offences Act, Ch. 68, "Riotous indecent conduct".' That these people were beaten up cannot be doubted. One of the women who signed such an admission later produced from a clinic 'Out-patient record card' No 421/80, dated 19 February, confirming that she had been kicked on the head by the Special Branch.

Shabani, which also lies within the Midlands electoral constituency, is a place where normal Zanu (PF) campaigning is regularly interpreted by the Joint Operations Centre (JOC) and the Special Branch as 'assisting terrorists'. It was at Shabani that Garfield Todd was arrested; it was at Shabani that Fred Matanga, officially accredited as Zanu (PF) liaison officer with the police, was dragged from his car by UANC men and taken to the Special Branch; it was at Shabani that three candidates, Julia Zvobgo, Richard Hove and Simbarashe Mubengegwe, were stopped at a police road-block and remanded in custody until 22 February.

One incident at Shabani helps to explain why so many Zanla guerrillas have remained at large, outside the assembly points designated by the Lancaster House agreement. Donny Haanei, a Zanla commander in the Belingwe area, having heard a radio appeal by Mugabe, led 118 men to Keyara army base to link up with the ceasefire monitoring force.

Instead the security forces intervened and carted the 118 away to JOC, Shabani where, following beatings, a number of the guerrillas, including Haanei, were informed that it would be a very good idea indeed if they joined the UANC auxiliaries and campaigned in the reserves. Taken by the Special Branch to village beer drinks organised by the UANC, Haanei judged it prudent to play along. He claims that on the seventh day he was driven by a Special Branch officer called Duncan to the Midlands Hotel, Gwelo, where Chris Mbanga, a UANC official, demanded his cooperation. According to Haanei, at a subsequent meeting with Muzorewa, the Bishop confirmed that he would receive $300 for each rally he attended. Subsequently Haanei made his escape from a Salisbury hotel and brought a habeas corpus action in the High Court on behalf of the 118 Zanla guerrillas. In reply, the office of the Attorney-General provided the whereabouts of only 22, all of them in prison; the regime, although nominally under the crown, was not prepared to disclose the fate of the rest. So it goes.

WITH THREE COMPANIONS, I drove into the Selukwe TTL, south of Gwelo, at 6.45 in the morning. Ten kilometres into the TTL we encountered some fifty armed auxiliaries, wearing coffee-coloured T-shirts and shorts, thundering along the yellow dirt track – the youngest, hardly able to carry their rifles, but their expressions delirious with early morning power, were scarely twelve years old.

Gathered round the Coke store in the tiny business centre of Donnga lounged a bunch of cocksure hoodlums from Salisbury – the Bishop's men. The money, they explain, is good, and the power; besides, did we not know that communism takes from you not only your wife but even your fountain pen? Some were normally unemployed, others had jobs in Salisbury; evidently employers like the Cold Storage Commission granted leave of absence provided, of course, it was in the service of the Bishop, the last hope of white Rhodesia. These city slickers boast how they work hand in glove with the Pfumo Revanhu auxiliaries in the TTL, handing out beer and, as they put it, 'hitting people who open their mouths'.

Some twenty kilometres into the TTL, in sparsely populated countryside – the heartland of the guerrilla war – Zanu (PF) holds a little meeting under a msasa tree. The villagers emerge silently except for a faint rustle of feet in the grass and gather in a tight, happy knot round the Zanu (PF) activists, avoiding a patch of burnt ground where the jaw bone of a cow indicates a recent feast. Snuff is scattered to appease the spirits and then the peace is disturbed by the roar of diesel engines, by armour-plated, ambush-proof war machines which disgorge a complement of beefy white rhinos in the uniform of the police reserve. The speeches and songs and slogans continue – *Pamberi na Mugabe* floats across the countryside – while the official police informer sits under the msasa tree taking notes in English which will later be sifted for signs of illegal incitement. A small plane bearing a white cross circles once then swoops on the meeting, scattering not bombs but leaflets: 'To the people of Selukwe. Your vote is secret, no one will ever know how you voted'.

At ten the school bell sounds; obediently the children leave the meeting. Puppets are denounced and the British too; a commissar whose permanent smile is of the best kind, born of happiness and communion, expounds land reform in terms far more radical than those of Mugabe's restrained, fabian manifesto. An old man comes forward and claims that auxiliaries had earlier forced people at gunpoint to attend an alternative UANC rally over the hill. We drive for ten minutes to the spot he has mentioned, a couple of burnt-out stores, and there indeed are the auxiliaries. But no meeting. The meeting, they vaguely explain, was 'cancelled'. They grow restless, we are the wrong sort of whites; a tall fellow in dark glasses and a grin out of central casting wants to see our 'papers'. Time to leave.

The local Zanu (PF) district chairman, T. Gandire, is a tubby businessman who spells out in specific detail how and when he has been threatened with death by auxiliaries led by a local white farmer, whom he names. I warn Gandire that I will check out the story with the farmer himself. 'Yes, you do just that,' Gandire says with utter confidence. The farmer exists in the phone book but attempts to reach him have failed, so he must remain nameless.

On whom do the British rely for their information – the version of events which has prompted Soames to penalise only Zanu (PF) while leaving the auxiliaries permanently and widely deployed? Why did Nicholas Fenn, the Governor's spokesman, state on 19 February that Selukwe TTL was an area where parties other than Zanu (PF) have been able to penetrate only with 'limited success'? Why did he list the Chilimanzi TTL in the same category although on 16 February 40 auxiliaries came to St Joseph's Mission, firing in the air and so frightening the children that they now sleep huddled together in the classrooms? A sister working at St Joseph's testifies that these long-established auxiliaries hold regular *pungwes* in Chilimanzi, boasting that they have defeated Zanla.

ALTHOUGH THE COUNTING of votes will be free and fair, no doubt, the whole weight of the state and the media is pitted against Mugabe. The security forces regularly take advantage of the Governor's indulgence to shower political meetings with pamphlets. A happy peasant is depicted tilling his land behind two yoked oxen: 'True freedom lets you use your land as you wish to make your family prosperous.' Juxtaposed is a picture of forced labour under the sneering gaze of

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guards carrying communist AK rifles: 'Marxism Socialism – your land will be taken and run by the state. Those who are supported by Communist Russia will rob you of your land, the leaflets say.

A reliable source within the security forces concedes that torture, including electric shocks, is a commonplace during interrogations. Although hangings have ceased and detentions without trial have diminished since Soames's arrival, the attempt by his spokesman, Kieran Prendergast, to dismiss Amnesty's allegations will convince no one familiar with the facts. The army is up to its neck in politics. A young white officer told me how he had warned tribespeople in Manicaland that Zanla would shoot every third and seventh person leaving the polling booths to prove that the witch doctors were striking down those who had not voted for Mugabe.

During the April 1979 election the entire apparatus of white power was deployed with a single objective: to secure the highest possible African turnout and thus prove the acceptability of the Smith-Muzorewa-Sithole internal settlement, the lack of popular support for the 'external terrorists'. On this occasion the objective is different: to defeat Mugabe. Early in January a closed audience from Internal Affairs (which administers the 500,000 people corralled in protected villages) was told by a provincial commissioner that there was no way a Marxist government would be allowed to come to power. In mid-January Rhodesia's top cop, Peter Allum, delivered the same message to a closed meeting in the Fort Victoria area. More recently, two meetings of police personnel were held in Salisbury. At one of them an assistant commissioner of the SAP warned that, according to intelligence reports, there was now a real danger of a Mugabe victory. Having spelt out the evils of Marxism, he emphasised that the UANC must win the election by all available means, 'by hook or by crook'.

And the British at Government House – that small, charmingly informal court of a 17th century German principality, as they like to depict themselves – they, too, dread a Mugabe victory. One senior official gave away a larger slice of his mental life than planned by praising the 'good sense and generosity' of the Rhodesian authorities in offering to rehabilitate into civilian life those guerrillas (the vast majority) who 'could not possibly be absorbed' into the regular army. Nathan Shamuyirira of Zanu (PF) offers a somewhat different scenario: 'When we come to power Zanla and Zipra will form the national army. Then we will decide which elements of the security forces are acceptable.'

Much has been written about the chaos which may ensue if the ceasefire monitoring force hastily quits the guerrilla assembly points. Even more dangerous, should Mugabe win, would be a fast scuttle by the Governor. According to British sources, seven or eight days' tenure is the maximum. The British discount a coup: 'It would be too foolish'. But when Chris Andersen, former co-Minister of Justice, was questioned at a Rhodesia Front election meeting about military action in the event of a Mugabe victory, he replied, 'wait and see' to stormy applause.

That Mugabe will secure more seats than any other party cannot be doubted. But the 51 seats required to control the Assembly are almost certainly out of his reach. The days ahead will determine whether the electoral process is masking a revolution or a counter-revolution.

LABOUR
Jim Caldwell

Management propaganda and fear of isolation swayed the men of South Wales

Why the miners voted 'No'

NO ONE IN SOUTH WALES believes the miners are on the run, but their five-to-one vote against strike action has shaken NUM leaders and seriously weakened the Wales TUC's bargaining position. The coalfield is losing money and the threat of pit closures has been hanging over the men's heads for months. Pressure on the union's National Executive to call a national strike is now certain to increase. George Rees, the Area Secretary, said straight after the result was announced: 'The men have said they were not prepared to come out on their own. If there was a ballot tomorrow on an NEC recommendation you would have the same number voting "Yes" as you had voting "No" now. They feel you can only win this type of struggle on a united front.'

Lodge delegates who voted for the strike met on Tuesday 26 February to chew over the result. Don Hayward, the NUM's chief administrative officer in the area, saw their job as two-fold: to revitalise the men and get them back into the steel dispute, and to tackle the issue of the Coal Board's alleged interference in the voting.

The miners' vote has undermined a key pillar of the Wales TUC strategy. Under pressure from the British TUC, George Wright, secretary of the Wales TUC has had to back away from plans for a general strike in Wales. But in pressing for action to combat the assault on the area's economy, the threat of a strike by the miners has been an important weapon. Wright was able to warn the TUC that the NUM could join the steelworkers on strike and take things out of their control. That threat has now been shown to be hollow.

NUM officials have been looking for reasons for the size of the 'No' vote, which reversed a 90 per cent vote in favour of industrial action four weeks ago. Allegations that management interfered with the voting seem unlikely, but there is evidence that the NCB mounted an effective propaganda campaign to maximise the impact of early 'No' votes. Between the Executive meeting at which the strike was recommended and the coalfield conference which endorsed the call, Mr Phillip Weekes, area director of the NCB, came out with an announcement that the impact of BSC's closure plans 'might be' less than anticipated: the Board had found new markets for coking coal.

Hayward is convinced that plans to close 12 pits have already been finalised, meaning 7,500 of his members out of work. And he says 21 pits could close altogether. Weekes announced that a £22 million NCB subsidy on the price of coking coal this year, together with new outlets, would safeguard 4,500 jobs. He warned miners that all the Board's efforts could be destroyed by a strike, which would do 'irreparable damage' to the coalfield, which made a loss of £19 million last year.

Yet Hayward denies that new markets for coking coal can be found. During the steel strike, he claims, the Board has been selling it at a loss of £15 a tonne to the CEGB for use in power stations. Unless the miners and steelworkers fight together he is convinced that Sir Charles Villiers will further increase the import of cheap coking coal. Dockers at Newport have already lifted their blacking on one cargo.

Mr Hayward cites further evidence of the way management tried to influence his members. Lodge officials had persuaded the Executive to extend the voting period until Saturday to allow all three shifts to vote. But they found many lodges voting on Thursday and opposing the recommendation. Hayward claims colliery managers were 'intimidating' officials into holding meetings early and also offering to pay men to stay above-ground all day to carry out the ballot. The NCB has denied any interference. Once voting had started, Hayward says, hourly reports – some false – were sent to the coalface telling men of other lodges which had voted against the strike. And from early Thursday the NCB was briefing journalists on the early 'No' votes, insisting they must not reveal the source of their information. So while only the first shift had voted the media were carrying reports of a miners' revolt.

It was pressure from the steel strike committees which persuaded the NUM Area Executive to call the miners out. Emlyn Williams said he was impressed by the steel men's argument that jobs in both industries were linked. The day before the strike was called, Williams had been feted by 3,000 steel workers in Port Talbot, chanting 'Emlyn you're Hemeling marvellous'. One observer suggested Emlyn had been carried away by his reception and used his skill for mob oratory to sway the Executive and delegates – all working miners – in favour of a strike.

One miner who is a leading local politician commented: 'Emlyn misread the situation but that doesn't alter my respect for him'. He was, however, alarmed by the extent to which lodge officials had lost touch with their members. 'They were showing blind allegiance to Emlyn. But the rank and file want the Welsh TUC and the NUM to support them'.

The steel strike committees are now discussing whether to go ahead with plans to picket the collieries. This could split the NUM further, as some lodges have already said they would cross the picket line. The Executive is determined to press the miners to support the steelworkers. Many feel they have failed to get the implications of the steel closures across to their members. 'When the crunch comes the miners will strike', says Hayward, 'especially if Weekes comes out with a closure plan. Nobody wants to be seen as a paper tiger and I think this vote will play on the men's consciences'. He predicts that the NCB will announce large-scale closures by the end of the year, and adds: 'We won in '72 and '74 not through the miners acting alone, but through the whole trade union movement.'

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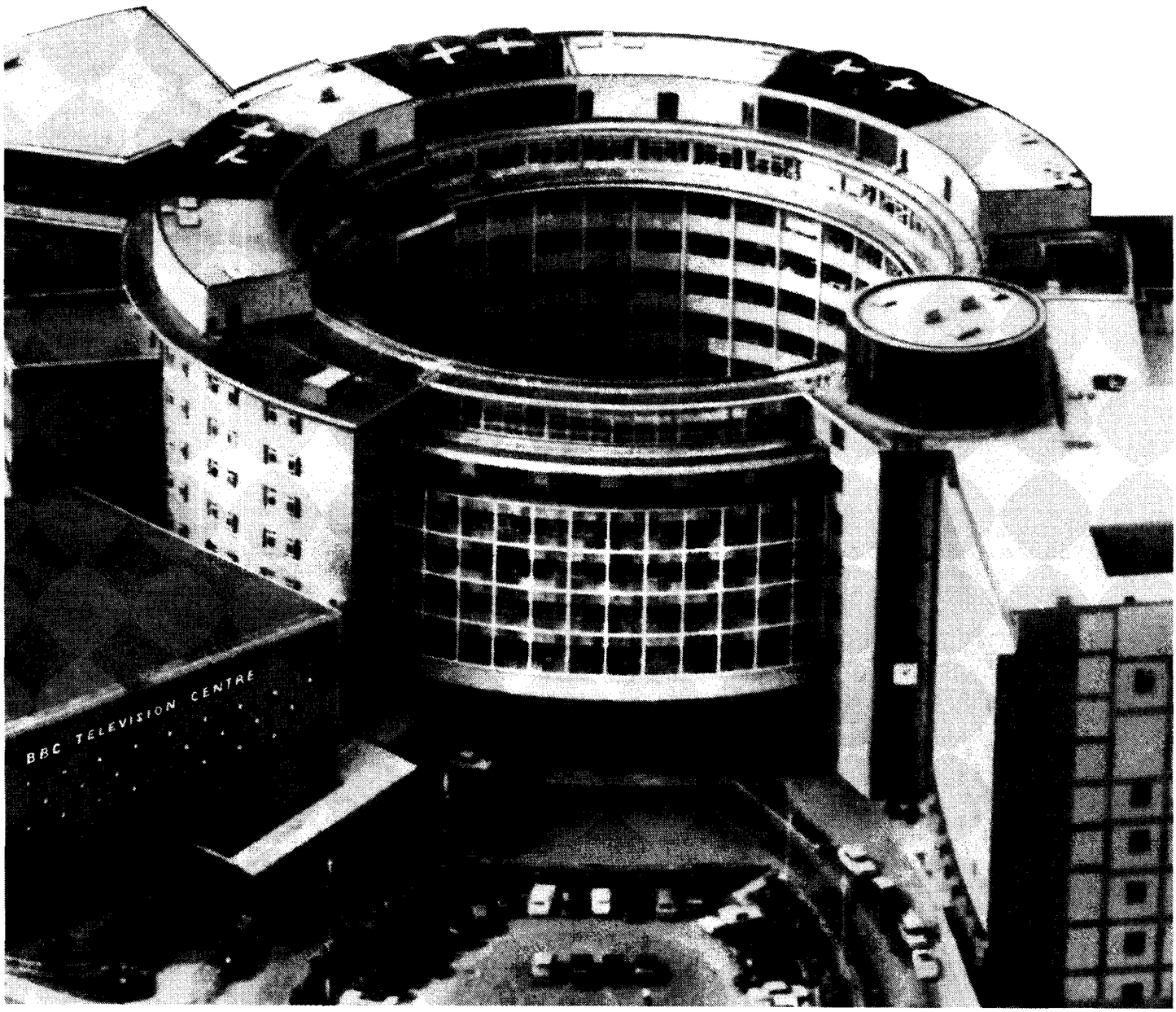
The scene behind the scenes



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FAR EAST
Donald Kirk

How two spy scandals cracked the myth of Japanese 'loyalty'

Russia's fishing expedition

THE HEADQUARTERS of the Japan Defence Agency, a block of dull concrete amid Tokyo's most swinging district, may be the most easily penetrable military establishment in the world. One day I swept past a grinning guard, not bothering to show my press card, en route to an appointment with a minister. I was soon lost in a maze of corridors. As I poked into office after office, no one asked for my credentials.

In a society steeped in discipline and bureaucratic efficiency, traditionally wary of foreigners and theoretically concerned about the threat of Soviet attack, the episode seemed very un-Japanese. It was, however, indicative of the general laxity of senior officers, for many of whom military careers were their final choice after failing to get into top universities or find jobs with prestigious corporations. Just how low the military tradition has sunk among a populace still nursed on tales of samurai glory has emerged in two sensational spy cases. First there was the arrest of a retired major-general called Miyanaga and two junior officers charged with selling top secrets from the same military headquarters which I had infiltrated with such ease. Then there was the revelation that Japanese fishermen were passing information and gifts to Russians based on four small northern islands overrun by Soviet troops at the end of World War II and claimed ever since by Japan. In return for this bait, the Japanese who cooperated were allowed to fish untroubled in Russian waters.

The spy cases have done much to destroy the myth of Japanese loyalty – and to encourage I-told-you-so conservatives anxious to steer the nation along a tougher military line. The government has gone through a ritualistic sweep of the higher ranks of the Defence Agency, forcing the rather pathetic 76-year-old minister to accept 'responsibility' and resign 'voluntarily' along with the chief of staff of the 'Ground Self-Defence Forces', as the army is still euphemistically known. Another dozen officers were transferred or reprimanded, but somehow it seems unlikely that the case – the worst spy scandal since World War II – will result in serious reform. In the absence of any law against espionage, the indictment against the three officers charges them only with theft of secrets and does not even mention that they handed them over to the Soviet military attache. The worst they can expect is a year in prison and a $120 fine.

The affair does, however, dramatise the efficiency of the national and local police, who have emerged as the real power in this society in the absence of a strong military machine. The Defence Agency's worst humiliation was not the arrest of the officers but the search of the Defence Agency premises by the metropolitan police.

CLEARLY, but for the police, the Russians could still count on their monthly 'drops' of material. A measure of the contempt of the police for the Self-Defence Forces was that they did not inform military leaders of their suspicions when they began trailing Major-General Miyanaga more than a year ago. Had Defence Agency leaders sized up Miyanaga as carefully as did the Russians and then the police, they would have realised how perfectly he fitted Soviet needs. He spoke Russian and served in intelligence. He had met Soviet attaches from time to time at receptions in their embassy. He had also succumbed to a woman whom he had met while serving as a senior intelligence officer on Hokkaido, the large northern island on which Japan keeps its most combat-ready troops for defence against the Russians. He refused the suggestion of superiors that he should end the affair, and he separated from his wife at about the time of his retirement in 1974.

By that time the Russians may have already trapped him. When Miyanaga applied for jobs as a 'consultant' with companies doing business with the Soviet Union, their Soviet contacts advised them not to hire him. It was a ploy that drove him more firmly into the embrace of the Soviet attache at the time. With pay-offs for his information, Miyanaga could meet his debts. At the same time he could compensate for his humilitation at being unable to get any kind of post-retirement job other than ownership of a small electrical appliance shop. He lived as a recluse in a ninth storey apartment, said one old friend, listening to old records.

As the investigation has revealed, Miyanaga was tuned to other programmes as well. Over his short-wave receiver he could pick up instructions from the Soviet Union on where to meet the Soviet attache. Sometimes, according to the police, the Russians even sent him coded congratulations messages.

Miyanaga aroused suspicions by his adherence to a regular schedule. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays he would pick up his material from the two junior officers, both of whom had previously been his subordinates, and on the third Saturday of each month he would brush past the Russian attache at a meeting point relayed by the radio, not even glancing aside as he exchanged his own envelope for one containing his payment in yen. By the time of his arrest the police had formed a special squad to follow him, including a boy-girl detective couple that cuddled as they watched.

THE OTHER espionage scandal – that of the spy fishermen – was even more dramatic, though far more remote. The suicide of a minor government functionary led to the exposure for the first time of what the people living in the northern Hokkaido port of Nemuro had known for years: that at least four fleets, of twenty fishing boats each, have been relying upon Soviet largesse for their large catches.

Following the suicide of the official – who was said to have given the fishermen information on troop movements to pass on to the Russians – the police arrested nine fishermen, but held only three. Again the absence of an espionage law miffed the prosecutors, who could charge them only with customs and quarantine violations. Some of the fishermen, it seems, were doing duty as double agents for the Japanese, reporting on Soviet build-ups in the island.

To the Japanese, the effect of revelations of espionage both in the capital and in the seaport closest to Soviet-held territory has been explosive. Military men and fishermen alike had violated the concept of group loyalty that cements Japanese culture and had, in the process, demonstrated the vulnerability of a society attuned, ever since the failure of World War II, to economic gain.

Cynically, American officials found a certain comfort in the succession of exposés, which came just as Japan was considering its 'response' to Soviet intervention in Afghanistan and whether or not to permit US troops in Japan to deploy to the Middle East or the Indian Ocean. Japanese officials have repeatedly resisted American pressure on Japan to increase its defence spending beyond the long-established outer limit of 1 per cent of its gross national product, but the daily headlines can hardly have helped their arguments. Could it be that American demands posed as grave a threat to peace in the region as did Soviet penetration of the Defence Agency? To many Japanese the question was just as disturbing as that of how the Russians managed to mole their way so easily deep into the fabric of Japan's supposedly impregnable institutions.

Jane Jessel, Paris

Keeping unfit

France's Health Service looks like becoming two services – one for the rich and one for the poor– if, as seems likely, proposals currently being discussed by the National Health Funds and doctors' organisations are accepted by the government.

About 97 per cent of France's 115,000 doctors currently belong to the Health Service. Under the present somewhat unwieldy system patients pay their doctors in full (about 40 to 50 francs a session) and then claim back three-quarters from government. The poorest are entitled to full reimbursement.

In spite of increased charges last year, the cost of the Health Service is rising at an estimated 20 per cent annually and the deficit is now about 25 million francs. The government is determined to balance the books.

The plan proposed by the representatives of the Health Service Funds (who speak for the government) which is now being discussed with doctors' federations and is due to be signed in March, would introduce a three-tier health service. Doctors would be able to choose three categories of practice: to remain completely in the Service, accepting full restrictions on health charges, or to remain under some control but have freedom to charge more for their services, or to be completely free of any restrictions.

Not many doctors are likely to free themselves completely from any restrictions. The problem is that too many, an estimated 30 per cent, would opt for the second category. At present a number, limited by law, are allowed to charge higher rates. Under the new scheme, doctors would have free choice to charge patients more.

It seems likely that poorer patients will have access to fewer doctors (who will be those with least experience) and to an inadequate specialist service, which will not be able to cope immediately with urgent, and often serious, cases.

The socialist newspaper, *Le Matin*, criticises the plan not only for its inequality, but also for its 'insidiousness'. Cost and quality differences between the two categories would not show themselves for a year or so – by which time the presidential election of spring 1981 will be safely over.

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The power by which Despotism begins

This week the Campaign for Press Freedom holds its first public meeting. BRUCE PAGE and CHRISTOPHER HIRD highlight some of the features of Britain's unfree press.

THE BRITISH PRESS, like the British aristocracy, is widely reputed to be impoverished – even, by implication, deserving. In each case, the reputation owes more to assiduous cultivation than to reality. In each case, examples of destruction are rare, being for the most part wilfully self-inflicted. Both the aristocracy and the chieftains of the press (there is a certain overlap of personnel) have excelled at hanging onto wealth, and at ensuring that its products are only infrequently devoted to socially useful ends.

Any examination of the press must begin with the fact that, across the board, it is one of the most prosperous large-scale industries in Britain. It must continue by way of inquiry into the processes of monopolisation and market-fixing which have not so much created this wealth – for its origins lie in a powerful demand for news and information – as protected its owners, for many years, against effective challenge.

It is not unreasonable to conclude that they may, at last, be growing vulnerable. Britain, as capitalist societies go, has always been especially tolerant of combinations, cartels and market carve-ups on the part of corporate operators. And where newspapers are concerned, licence has been allowed which would cause scandal in the case of the sausage-meat business – because everything is done under the magic blazon of 'the freedom of the press'.

The result is, in the first place, a regional press which is highly profitable, highly pasteurised, and blandly confident that it can shuffle off its basic responsibility to finance a decent news-gathering system. It is, in the second place, a set of national newspapers which – honourable exceptions apart – have become, whatever their putative entertainment value, quite marginal to most of the serious aspects of their readers' lives. In sociologists' language, the national press has lost its 'legitimacy', which is a polite way of saying that for all its capacity to distort and confuse, nobody actually trusts what it says. National newspapers are, typically, the creatures of large, often multinational corporations. Their fate, when profitable, is to be plundered on behalf of the corporate treasury, and when unprofitable (if solemnly respectable) to be kept going as part of the public relations effort.

But signs of consumer resistance to this highly artificial system are not confined to passionate adherents of the Labour movement. Wherever cracks can be found in the monopolistic carapace, new newspapers are finding evidence of a reading demand for something different. The key to press reform for the Labour movement (and any likely allies it can find) lies in finding ways to strengthen the decentralising and devolving tendencies which have begun to appear – and not, above all, in producing its own entrant in the discredited national newspaper stakes.

There are many things to analyse in the curious anatomy of the British press. But the first and most central concerns the basic mechanics of news organisations.

NOTORIOUSLY, George Orwell's original for the Ministry of Truth was the labyrinthine premises of the BBC at Broadcasting House. But a more suitable candidate might be the building of the Press Association (PA) in Fleet Street, from which staple news is pumped out to every substantial newspaper in the country, *and* the BBC, and ITN, and Independent Radio News. Much of the 'diversity' of the British media consists of re-packaging this ubiquitous material, with application of suitable glosses for consumption up-market, down-market, and across – though not very far across – the political spectrum. And even the re-packaging operation, as our case study shows (see illustration) is apt to be no more than vestigial.

> *In an enslaved State the Rulers form and supply the opinions of the People.*
>
> *This is the mark by which Despotism is distinguished: for it is the power by which Despotism is begun and continued. . .*
>
> *Among the most powerful advocates and auxiliaries of abuses we must class (with a few honorable exceptions) the weekly Provincial Newspapers, the Editors of which receive the Treasury Prints gratis, and in some instances* with particular paragraphs marked out for their insertion – – – – *These Papers form the chief, and sometimes the only, reading of that large and important body of men, who living out of towns and cities have no opportunity of hearing calumnies exposed and false statements detected. Thus are Administrations enabled to steal away their Rights and Liberties, either so gradually as to undermine their Freedom without alarming them: or if it be necessary to carry any great point suddenly, to overthrow their Freedom by alarming them against themselves. . .*
>
> *from Coleridge's Prospectus for* The Watchman *(1796)*

The PA, as it happens, is not run by Stalinists, or by Orwellian news managers. Indeed its editor, David Chipp, is known to wince powerfully whenever he hears PA called, 'the national news-agency', and some serious effort is made to cater for the different needs of the organisation's many clients. It remains nonetheless true that on essential national issues the British public gets most of its news-coverage from a single source – individual newspapers acting rather like 'own-brand' retailers in relation to a centralised wholesaler. The parallel is made uncomfortably precise by the fact that attribution of PA copy is wholly voluntary, and *The Times* is one of the few papers which tries fairly scrupulously to distinguish between PA copy and the products of its own staff.[1] Not only is freedom of choice restricted: the very fact of restriction is concealed.

One simple result is that a British newspaper can get by with remarkably little news gathering activity of its own. The crystallising anecdote is told by a senior political reporter: in 1959, as a raw beginner, he was given the task of keeping a phone-line open for one of the great men of Fleet Street who was covering Harold Macmillan at a mighty provincial rally. The youth quaked with awe as the rally closed, amid waves of emotion, and the master pundit descended from the press-bench to dictate his copy to London. 'Oh what a night it was', he intoned. 'Oh what a night it was comma when Harold Macmillan came to Bellevue comma Manchester stop Take in PA copy.' And, gathering up his typewriter, he made for the station.

Many customers probably have the idea that the *typical* journalist on a national paper is a reporter: reporters, in fact, are heavily outnumbered by executives and sub-editors, whose concern is with the presentation of information, and not with its collection. Newspapers are quite as secretive as most organisations in Britain, and hate to discuss their staff dispositions, but a few figures can be extracted nonetheless. The *Daily Telegraph* and *Sunday Telegraph*, for instance, employ 317 journalists. But only 55 are general reporters, with 53 'specialist' reporters (of which category more later). The *Guardian* has 27 general reporters, the *Express* (out of 400 staff) only '30 or 40' news reporters.

A critic from the Left (or elsewhere) might ask: would the press be less biased if more newspapers had more reporters of their own? The answer is, broadly, yes. The reporter, however erroneous he or she may be, however ideologically blinkered, has at least to do business with real events. It is difficult to manipulate reality when one is in face-to-face contact with it. The principal requirement for manipulation – including, of course, that most dangerous form which derives from unspoken assumptions – is remoteness from the event. Reporters who operate with some kind of general brief are the most reliable connections to reality for any news organisation. When they can be outnumbered, on a journalistic staff, by as much as ten to one, then there is not much chance of reality breaking in.

IT IS IMPORTANT to understand that the PA is not rich on its own account. It employs about 260 journalists in the United Kingdom, and only 20 or so work at its provincial offices in Bristol, Manchester, Newcastle and London. To be sure, these are supplemented by about 1,000 occasional correspondents (or 'stringers') who earn their main living from local papers up and down the country. And the PA buys material from 50 or so much smaller news agencies.

But the general news service – leaving aside specialisms like law and parliament – churns out 200,000 words per day. Naturally, the agency does not have to deal with television and newspaper production work, but even so, large numbers of its staff must be occupied chiefly in sub-editing and in logistical and

1. National newspapers have to acknowledge international news agency copy from Reuters. But regional papers get Reuter international material as part of the PA service, and need not make attribution.

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Britain's regional press

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PA SNAPFULL

1 LEYLAND

WORKERS AT BRITISH LEYLAND'S VITAL LONGBRIDGE PLANT VOTED OVERWHELMINGLY ON FEB 20 AGAINST GOING ON STRIKE OVER THE SACKING OF RED ROBBO.

Press Association

Workers at British Leyland's Longbridge, Birmingham, plant today voted overwhelmingly against a strike over the sacking of convener 'Red Robbo' Derek Robinson.

The entire workforce met at a park near the plant and voted down the strike call after only 45 minutes.

Evening News (Edinburgh)

WORKERS at British Leyland's Longbridge, Birmingham, plant today voted overwhelmingly against a strike over the sacking of convenor "Red Robbo" Derek Robinson.

The entire workforce met in a park near the plant and voted down the strike call after only 45 minutes.

North West Evening Mail

BL WORKERS today voted 10-1 against a strike in support of sacked convener Red Robbo.

The 16,000 workers meeting at a park near the Longbridge works in Birmingham took only 45 minutes to reach their decision.

Evening News (Brighton)

WORKERS at British Leyland's Longbridge plant today voted overwhelmingly against a strike over the sacking of convenor Red Robbo Derek Robinson.

The entire workforce met at a park near the plant – and voted down the strike call by 10-1 after only 45 minutes.

Evening Chronicle (Newcastle)

They speak with many tongues; but all are the Press Association's.

executive work. It would be doing well to have 150 active reporters regularly available, which means that each one would have to generate material enough for 1,300 words of finished copy per day.

Anyone with serious practical experience of news organisation knows that such a productivity-level leaves small room for detailed inquiry or sceptical examination. Whatever the professional dedication of the people involved, such a system must tend towards being a conduit for the corporate hand-out and the swiftly procurable government-approved version of events. (There is, of course, no competitor. Some years ago the Exchange Telegraph folded up its general news service. Now, part-owned by PA, and part by the Racal electronics combine, it produces highly profitable specialised services, like racing results piped into betting-shops.)

Leaving socialism aside, it would be a remarkable thing in terms of free market economics to find loss-making in an organisation which supplies an indispensable commodity, on monopoly terms, to a highly-prosperous industry. But there is, of course, no question of free market economics. The PA's owners are its principal customers, the regional and national newspaper companies.

The PA has only recently gone in for corporate planning. But its executives believe that its presently defined corporate objective represents no break whatever from the business which was founded in 1868. It is to 'supply our members and subscribers with news, both written and pictorial, with greater speed and accuracy *and at lower cost* (italics added) than could be achieved independently.'

Membership, or shareholding, is strictly speaking confined to regional newspapers. But most of the national groups participate indirectly through their holdings in regional newspaper chains. Anyone can subscribe, but about 63 per cent of the revenues to the general news service come from deals with regional newspapers: of the remainder, radio and television news accounts for a decent chunk, but the biggest part is a bulk purchase made by the Newspaper Publishers' Association on behalf of its Fleet Street member papers. (Exact details are, of course, 'confidential'.)

There is something curious about the idea that a single organisation can produce 'news' which is more accurate than the product of a number of independent organisations. Implicit here is the idea of news as an objective commodity, centrally generated and dispensed (if there is only one version, it must inevitably be the most 'accurate').

But on a cruder level, centralisation can certainly keep costs down. In effect, the PA functions as a news-cartel, organised by the newspaper companies for their own benefit: it eliminates substantial competition among newspapers for the supply of the principal commodity which they offer to the public. Among the provincial papers, which are mostly geographical monopolies, the elimination of competition is almost complete. National papers, to be sure, have no such geographical monopoly, and must compete against each other by showing they are different. But they do not, for the most part, try to do so by the competitive gathering of general news. They differentiate themselves, in so far as they do, by making idiosyncratic selections from the stream of cartelised general news: their principal efforts go into presentation, and into the projection of specialised feature material.

The grand cartelisation of the PA structure is followed through in miniature at almost every level of British news media organisation. 'Specialist' reporters of all kinds – classically, in the Westminster lobby, but also in areas as diverse as motoring and foreign affairs – gather together to control access to highly valued news sources. To be sure, these combinations are less than uniformly successful, because real news is an unpredictable commodity, and the competitive instincts of some journalists are entirely irrepressible. But the overall effect contributes to the process which makes the much advertised 'diversity' of the British press into parody of the truth.

Typically, such combinations, grand and small, are justified on the grounds that they keep news gathering cheap, and therefore accessible. And certainly the PA general news service is an astonishing bargain: a provincial daily, selling 15,000 copies can get the whole thing (including Reuter's international service) for just under £25,000 a year.[2]

The Press Association as a whole makes a modest surplus each year, because of its income from property, and from specialised gambling information services. The news operation, thus, is subsidised: roughly speaking, in order to break even, it would have to increase its charges by 20 per cent.

But the recipients of the subsidy, of course, are the PA's own shareholder companies – who are by no means in need of any such beneficence. They are among the most profitable concerns operating in British industry.

THERE ARE some conspicuous disaster areas, but those apart newspaper publishing is one of the most profitable businesses in Britain. The last Royal Commission on the Press estimated that average return on capital was around 15 per cent, twice that in British industry generally, and the provincial newspaper chains are especially well-situated. To take one of the larger groups, United Newspapers made £6.9 million last year, which was a 27 per cent return on capital (excluding goodwill) and provided more than enough to finance the company's capital investment programme. And, like most provincial groups, the company has plenty of liquid assets.

Such heart-warming returns are made possible in the first place by a high degree of local monopoly – the map on page 312 is instructive – which enables large quantities of advertising to be corralled. Many provincial papers get 60 to 80 per cent of their revenues from advertising, which means that cover-prices can be kept well down. Journalism provided on the cheap through the PA set-up makes a near-perfect combination.

Such market domination has not come about by accident. In the Twenties there was considerable competition among local papers – and even political diversity, although the division was mainly Liberal/Conservative. Newspaper companies have worked hard to

2. The tariff works on the principle that 40 per cent of the service's costs are borne equally by all PA member newspapers, and 60 per cent is distributed on the basis of circulation. A paper with a 500,000 sale would pay just over £132,000.

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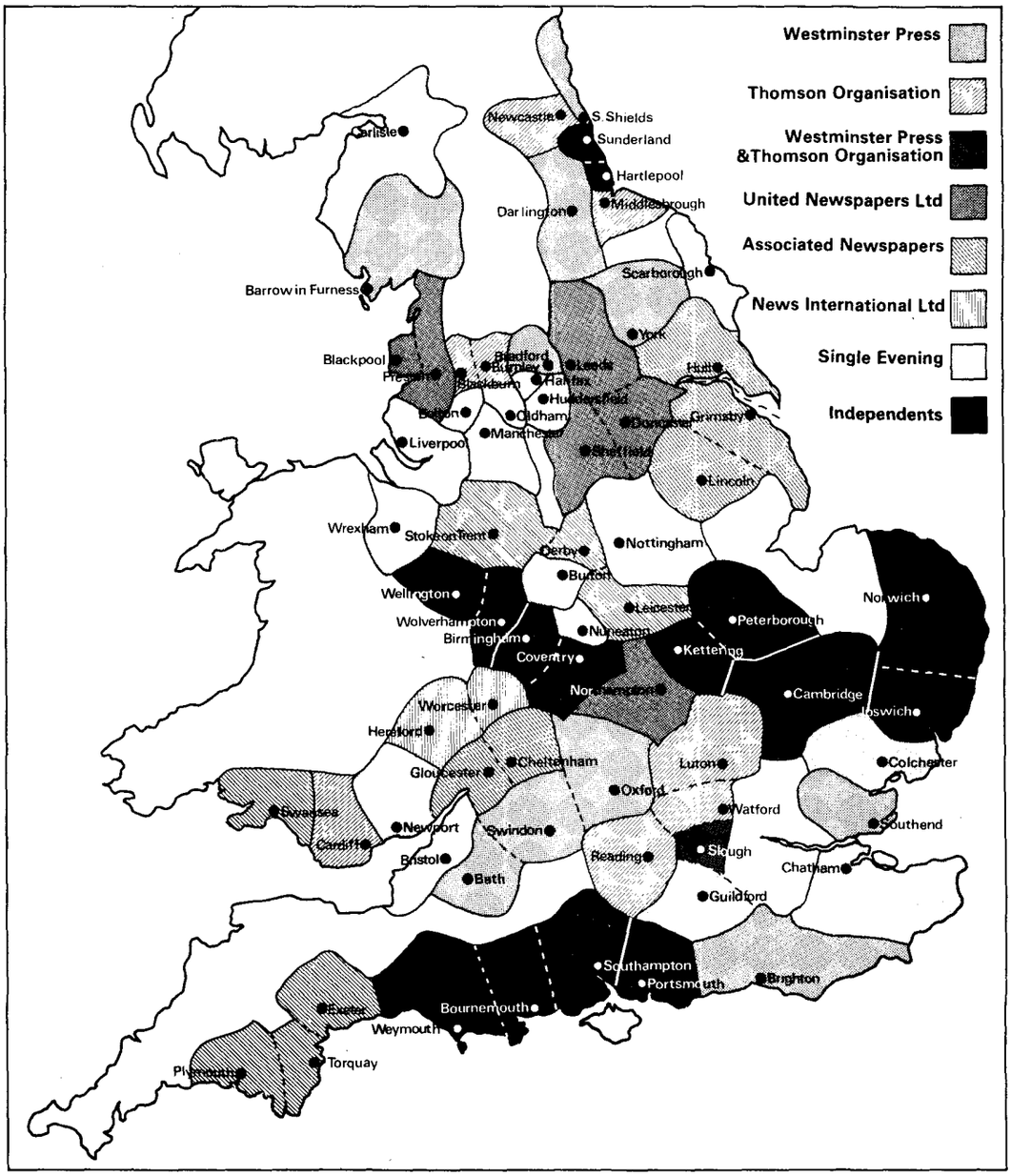
The Provincial Press: the four monopolies

The map shows how the provincial press monopoly works in the evening newspapers. Seventy-seven provincial towns in the UK have an evening newspaper; there is no competition in any of these towns apart from free sheets. The largest ten publishers account for 80 per cent of the total UK evening paper readership. Four companies – Thomson Regional Newspapers (part of International Thomson Organisation), Associated Newspapers (owners of the *Daily Mail*), Westminster Press (part of the S. Pearson conglomerate) and United Newspapers – account for just under half the total circulation.

The pattern of concentration and a marked absence of competition is repeated in the weekly provincial press. The Royal Commission on the Press estimated (July 1977) that there was competition in only 18 per cent of the 829 towns with weekly papers in the UK. This may overstate the degree of choice as many local papers are part of a series of titles, with editorial and advertising copy in common. One paper in a two-paper town may, therefore, be part of a series based in another town and its editorial copy may not be strictly 'local': the Royal Commission found that in extreme cases 80 per cent of editorial copy might be shared with another paper.

The same four companies dominate the weekly press, accounting for 22 per cent of total circulation – twice as much as they controlled in 1961. In Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland these companies account for over 50 per cent of total weekly circulation. Regionally, this pattern of ownership creates several complete monopolies: United Newspapers owns all the daily newspapers in South Yorkshire. In some areas the small regional groups have significant local monopolies: two companies dominate East Anglia for instance.



eliminate rivals – but by the deployment of financial muscle, rather than journalistic competition. The standard weapon of the large group against the small group, or independent, has generally been the setting of non-economic advertising rates: a lethally-effective device which can still be deployed against any would be intruder into today's well-established market.

Relations between the larger, surviving groups have long since become amicable: they agree to stay off each other's turf, and to 'clean up' boundaries on occasion by swapping titles. Such well-heeled concerns could, and indeed should, pay properly for the news they sell to the public. And the most obvious reform to be made by any government seriously interested in press diversity would be to force the newspaper companies to dispose of their Press Association shares.

Floated as an independent business, the PA would without doubt find buyers. And its executives might well relish the task of negotiating with their customers from a decently independent position. The regional press would hardly become socialist overnight, but it would certainly become more diverse: newspapers compelled to pay properly for (and acknowledge) any bought-in news would find it necessary to build up news staffs of their own, so that pluralism would increase considerably.

The ending of cut-rate journalism would erode the vast surpluses of the established papers, leaving them somewhat less free for conducting price wars against new competitors. The effect on Fleet Street would be harder to estimate, but a wholly independent and essentially profitable PA news service might give the Newspaper Publishers' Association a good deal more of a run for its money – insisting, if nothing else, on clear labelling for all the news products involved.

NATURALLY, it will be said that Fleet Street cannot afford it, however rich the provincial press may be. The answer is that even Fleet Street is far from destitute, and those parts of it which are have brought most of their troubles upon themselves.

The essential feature of national newspaper production is that it has a very high break-even point, but very low marginal costs once break-even has been achieved. Break-even is high because of the high wages and high staffing levels which the proprietors encouraged for many years in order to raise the cost of entry to potential rivals: even so, once a company gets past the crucial point, it can make money very fast. The outstanding example is Rupert Murdoch's News International, publishers of the *Sun* and the *News of the World*. Printing and publishing profits of £14.6 million, which in this case have little to do with provincial operations, make a margin of 21 per cent on sales.

Even in the case of companies whose cost-structure pushes their break-even point further out, returns on capital, and actual cash-flows, are impressive. *The Daily Mirror* group, whose main title has suffered considerably at the hands of the *Sun*, returned last year profits of £8.2 million on assets employed which were listed at only £20 million. For many years, the *Mirror* was used as a cash-generating machine by its owners, the Reed International group – who needed the money because of their many unhappy adventures in overseas investment. ('In those days,' recalls one veteran, 'there was no *Mirror* bank account that wasn't cleaned-out every afternoon.')

Of course, the *Mirror* now faces a long, and possibly costly battle for survival against the *Sun*, the *Express* and the *Star* (it must, apart from anything else, find some way of recovering from its disastrous first attempt at new

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technology). Gratitude, however, in the capitalist world, is apt to be a strictly one-way street: Reed International have now restored their fortunes, and may feel that the *Mirror* has served its turn for them.

FLEET STREET is not so much intrinsically unprofitable, as suffering from a stupendous hangover after decades of corporate rapacity and incompetence. The net result, so far, of several years of grotesquely ill-calculated attempts to introduce computer based technology has been a large increase in costs and a marked decline in operating efficiency.

Times Newspapers, after throwing away more than £30 million in the course of its famous lock-out, has produced a situation in which a member of the National Graphical Association now earns £234 for a four-day week, and in which some clerical staff are getting double the £90 basic they received before hostilities began. The technological agreements obtained in return for these formidable sums are not substantially in advance of what has been available to provincial managements for years: There have been no meetings to discuss plans for 'single key-stroking' and its associated advances, and none have so far been scheduled. The *Daily Mirror's* venture into new technology has had perhaps even direr results: having landed the paper with a cumbersome and slow-moving system at the very moment when it must fight for its life against the *Sun*, *Star* and *Express*. The *Financial Times*, having simply adandoned the whole issue of new technology, has by way of some curious substitute launched into a Frankfurt edition which is said to have cost £5 million in the first year (the management version is that it will be 'a long time before it can be judged').

Some day, Fleet Street may get itself sorted out: meanwhile, it would be highly ironic for the trade unions to pour their own money into its absurdly over-priced structure. The solution, surely, is to back new local initiatives wherever they try to break into the economically viable sectors of the regional press – meanwhile, working for the abolition of the news monopoly which makes their development more difficult.

Next week: The new provincial papers.

Claudia Wright

It's a free press in America, too

JOURNALISM is a large enough profession in the United States to create a demand for magazines whose ostensible purpose is to review, dissect and criticise the work of the media. But the market is a hazardous one. *More*, the most radical of the group, died some time ago, and the *Washington Journalism Review* nearly asphyxiated for lack of money and readers last year. That leaves the third, and possibly best known of them all, the *Columbia Journalism Review*.

Two weeks ago, the editorial board of *CJR* turned turtle and fired the editor, Robert Manoff, alleging administrative "shortcomings". In point of fact, Manoff was eliminated to stop what the board considered was a serious deterioration in the magazine's editorial standards – it had begun to assault the most powerful institutions of the American press, attacking them where they are the most secretive, smug and vulnerable.

Manoff took over *CJR* last March after working on the staff of *More*. For nearly nineteen years, the magazine has been an unremarkable product of Columbia University's school of journalism, on which it depends for subsidies and editorial supervision. Published every two months, the magazine has 34,000 subscribers and breaks even. Since Manoff took charge, subscription renewals have gone up to their highest levels ever – one sign that whatever incompetence Manoff may have been guilty of, it hadn't put the readers off.

But no-one read the magazine quite as tenaciously as Osborn Elliott, a former editor of *Newsweek* who is now the dean of the journalism school and the chairman of *CJR*'s editorial board. A former colleague of Elliott's at *Newsweek*, and before that an assistant secretary of state for public affairs, Edward Barrett is the magazine's publisher.

This duo summoned Manoff to a meeting on 14 February and sacked him. The meeting was so vituperative that at first Elliott and Barrett tried to stifle the news from getting downtown to the press offices. Then they stumbled, mentioning in a release a week later that there had been "differences over policies and procedures." This was corrected in a second statement, fed to the *New York Times*, to refer to Manoff's "consistent inability to send an issue to press on time".

In the issue before last, the *CJR* had published a detailed list of the interlocking directorates which tie the directors of the major American press corporations to their banks and other powerful institutions the press covers. The reader was left to work out for himself whether a newspaper chain whose directors sit on the board of a tyre company whose products are involved in a massive government recall and liability suit, or of the electric utility which owns the Three Mile Island nuclear reactor, would publish unflinching reportage of their friends caught in an awkward spot. What Manoff didn't realise until too late was that *CJR*'s own interlocking directorate, that tied Elliott, Barrett and the journalism school's endowment to the newspaper companies, wouldn't tolerate searching coverage, let alone criticism, and that Elliott and Barrett would stop their editor from getting bolder.

Several stories in the issue soon to be published triggered the showdown. For several weeks Elliott had been returning galleys to Manoff, the margins filled with roaring scribble suggesting revisions and ordering deletions. Elliott was particularly upset by an article which deals harshly with a story, written after the student takeover of Columbia University by A. M. Rosenthal, now the executive editor of the *New York Times*. Elliott was even angrier when, the day before the sacking, Manoff told him he had commissioned a story on why many of the *Times*'s best journalists were leaving the paper.

In another story which is in press, the reputation of the journalism school took a hiding when it was revealed that the Jamaican paper, *The Gleaner*, which had received the Cabot Award from the school six months ago, had actively participated in the campaign to destablise and destroy the Manley government. The *Gleaner*'s editorial role was put in the context of much that is not well known here about the CIA's efforts to funnel funds and arms to Manley's opponents, provoke demonstrations and riots, undermine the tourist business, and assassinate the prime minister himself. The *Gleaner* was likened to *El Mercurio*, the Santiago, Chile newspaper which campaigned relentlessly against Salvador Allende (and which has also been a recipient of the Cabot award). The Cabot selection panel, of which Elliott is a member, was made to look like a branch of covert operations to support US foreign policy in Latin America.

Among Elliott's and Barrett's lunch club companions, several other Manoff projects were certain to produce severe indigestion. One story, which will run, attacked the *Wall Street Journal* for printing government and business handouts masquerading as news reports (27 per cent of the *Journal's* news copy by the author's count). Another piece, which may not appear, was to have discussed internal censorship in the Gannett newspaper chain, which is a substantial contributor to university journalism studies.

Barrett and at least one other staff member were incensed over Manoff's decision to publish a report on American coverage of the Iranian revolution. An earlier *CJR* article, mocking the American press for swooning over the Pope's visit, had released a torrent of hostile mail from church supporters. For the Iranian story, Manoff had chosen Edward Said, admittedly a professor in Columbia's English department, but perniciously, from the authorities' point of view, a Palestinian.

Said's long article is a relentless catalogue of prejudice and conspiracy to belittle the Iranian revolutionaries, their religion, their historical experience, and the role the United States had played in suppressing them. Said's attack was not only confined to the print journalists reporting from Teheran. With the evidence of television broadcasts, he was able to pinpoint deliberate manipulation and propagandising by network producers whose roster of purportedly objective experts and panelists included men who went unidentified as Israeli army reservists.

In what will be his swansong, Manoff also produced an editorial strongly critical of legislative proposals circulating in the Congress to restore the CIA's licence to use the press, both for cover for its agents and for disinformation campaigns. Barrett warned Manoff that "in some quarters" this might be seen as "anti-American". Manoff's response, as he disappeared out the door, was to say that "it is not the business of journalists to unite the country but to give information and honestly evaluate". In that cause, scratch the *Columbia Journalism Review*.

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DRUGS
David Clark

Law enforcers inflate statistics to gain greater powers

Fixing up the addiction figures

DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS a small but growing black market in imported heroin has been allowed to develop in Britain. The exact size of that market, and what should be done about it, is currently the source of real controversy between drug workers and law enforcement agencies, particularly those who would like to see a national drug agency equipped with similar powers to those of the American Drug Enforcement Administration.

Estimates of the size of the black market vary dramatically, from the total of 4,900 addicts to all narcotics known to the Home Office in 1979, to an estimate of 50,000, put across with great enthusiasm by some senior Customs investigators. At the moment the Home Office index is the only solid piece of information, but it only counts the people who have got into such trouble with their drug use that they've decided to seek medical attention. Most people who provide medical and social care for drug users would probably agree with Dave Turner of the Standing Conference on Drug Abuse who suggests that the real number of serious heroin addicts and users may be in the 12-16,000 range.

Much higher estimates have been coming from law enforcement sources, however. Until the middle of 1979 the highest unofficial estimate came from former Superintendent Dick Lee of 'Operation Julie'. Lee resigned at the end of July, saying as he went that he thought there were 20,000 addicts and that a national drugs police was needed: at the end of 1978 he was employed as an 'objective source' to repeat the 20,000 figure on ITV's *Thames Report.*

In June 1979 an international Customs meeting in Geneva agreed that 'all concerned governments and agencies should . . . ensure that statements relating to seizures from the drug traffic or couriers were in measured terms' when officers spoke to the press. Yet one month later Alec Hartley reported in the *Guardian* that 'senior enforcement officers believe that at least 50,000 people in Britain are addicted to hard drugs, ranging from heroin through Methadone to the latest fad, Diconal . . .' Hartley, who told me that he believes it's acceptable to exaggerate addiction figures because he's so against heroin trafficking, got the figure from a senior Customs investigator. The *Daily Mail*'s Ray Rodgers got the same source to tell him for a report, published 20 July, that 'it could be as high as 40,000'. On 7 September the *Star*'s Charles Langley quoted Dr David Marjot of St Bernard's Hospital in Southall, who told him that because he saw ten unregistered addicts for every one who was registered he estimated there were a 'minimum of 40,000 drug addicts'. When I asked Dr Marjot about this, he accepted that his logic may be shaky and that the figure 'might be nearer 20,000'.

At the beginning of October the *Yorkshire Post* quoted Rev. Terry Tanner of the ROMA rehabilitation project as saying there were 50,000 addicts. Tanner told me he couldn't remember where he got the figure from but thought it 'was a police conference up north somewhere'. At the end of October, BBC Radio's *File on Four* introduced an investigation into heroin use with the words 'some unofficial estimates put the number of addicts as high as 50,000', while Gareth Parry wrote in *Now!* magazine on 9 November that 'Customs narcotics agents and drug experts say a more reasonable estimate would be 50,000.' Parry, who says he got the figure from the Paris office of the US Drug Enforcement Administration, agreed that the figure 'sounded a bit high'. At the end of November Martin Short made a *Thames Report* which said: 'There are thought to be tens of thousands of addicts, most of them in London.' Short told me he got the figure from the *Now!* article.

The 50,000 figure ended up in *Hansard* at the end of December when Conservative MP Sir Bernard Braine introduced a discussion on drug abuse and said: 'Narcotics agents in the field and drug experts put the figure nearer to 50,000'. He told me he'd been prompted to raise the matter in the House after a lunch at the US Embassy with Mathea Falco, President Carter's drug adviser. He thought he'd got the 50,000 figure from *Now!* but added: 'I don't want to take responsibility for it . . . I'm normally very cautious about these things but we do have to do something to attract attention.'

Last week's *Sunday Times* report by John Shirley and Danah Zohar – 'unofficially it is believed there are as many as 40,000 heroin addicts' – probably gains the booby prize for mistakes and distortions per column inch. Shirley says he just wrote up the copy, Zohar says her original memo (based on some eccentric maths), suggested '20-40,000'.

Drugs legislation, often introduced in the wake of hysterical and inaccurate reporting, is already a serious threat to civil liberties. Police have extensive powers to stop and search, to computerise names and suspicions, to break into peoples' homes and to tap phones. Customs Investigators have already become a national and international police force with the minimum of public discussion, and Home Office officials, alarmed at the rise in drug use, are known to be pushing hard for a national agency along DEA lines. The DEA was brought into being after a deliberate campaign to 'talk up' the addiction figures under President Nixon – whose drug policy is much admired in the Home Office.

What is no less worrying than the threat of additional powers for police and Customs is the dreadfully creaking response of the medical and social facilities which are universally underfinanced, overstretched and facing serious cuts in their budgets. Sadly, Shirley claims that focusing attention on that aspect of the problem had been the intention of the *Sunday Times* piece – but 'the subs mucked it about'.

Fred Halliday

Carter's secret fear

PERHAPS the greatest problem facing the US Administration in its attempt to unravel the Tehran hostages affair is not the alleged vacillation of the Iranian authorities or the passion of US public opinion, but the hostages themselves. This becomes clear as soon as one talks to State Department officials concerned with the question, who stress the problems that might arise once the hostages, articulate, informed and rather involved observers of US-Iranian relations, are allowed to speak to the world's press. They may not, as is widely expected, train their fire on the forces of Ayatollah Khomeini, but on the Carter Administration which, by its foolish decision to allow the Shah into the USA, triggered the whole crisis in the first place.

This anxiety explains part of the delay on the hostages' release: the US authorities are striving to avoid the hostages being released to a neutral third party in whose custody such 'irresponsible' declarations might be raised. Rather the US is bargaining to have the hapless 50 handed over directly to US personnel and then whisked to an airforce base, probably Wiesbaden in West Germany, where they can be quietened down before being handed over to their relatives.

This also explains the recurrent hints in official statements about how the hostages have been 'brain-washed' or 'conditioned' (a trope familiar from previous US prisoner releases in Korea and Vietnam): unless their credibility is undermined, they could scuttle the Carter electoral bandwagon by their statements and reverse the terms in which US public debate has till now been framed.

The other fraught problem in US public debate is the matter of US guilt in Iran under the Shah. The facts are not seriously in dispute. The CIA did help stage the 1953 coup that overthrew the Mossadeq government; indeed the chief CIA operative, Kermit Roosevelt, recently published a boastful book on the episode which has now been hurriedly withdrawn – allegedly because of a libel suit brought by BP, named in the book as an intelligence organiser in Iran, but probably also because it would provide first-hand evidence for the Iranian case.

It is also beyond doubt that the CIA knew about and was to some degree associated with the tortures committed by SAVAK. A former CIA official, who ran the Iranian operations for twenty-five years, admitted in his first ever interview last week, that the CIA had heard about torture cases from the early 1950s but did nothing about these rumours because it was not part of the CIA's brief to follow such matters. Another former CIA employee, chief Washington analyst from 1968 to 1973 Jesse Leaf, has reported that CIA instructors used former Nazi manuals in training SAVAK in interrogation techniques.

Not that the US public is being allowed to focus clearly on the matter: an ABC television crew, headed by chief reporter Barry Sarafin, shot an interview with Sean MacBride in Tehran in late December in which MacBride stated that the CIA had known about SAVAK torturings to within weeks of the Shah's fall. According to Sarafin the film was simply not 'newsworthy'. Others inside ABC see the hand of the CIA in this act of censorship. The hostages are therefore suffering a prolonged ordeal not only for their silence to be ensured but also to prevent US crimes in Iran from coming fully to light in election year.

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LABOUR 2
Amrit Wilson

Lessons of Grunwick cast shadow over women on strike at Chix

White scabs, cold comfort

IT IS A BLEAK wet day. Outside the Chix Bubblegum factory on Slough Industrial Estate about 20 Asian women are picketing and trying to keep a brazier alight. Last October, 96 workers, most of them Asian women, walked out of Chix over the management's refusal to recognise their union, the General and Municipal Workers'. Their anger and determination have not faded. These women are very different from the passive image of Asian women so often presented by the media. For some, working at Chix was their first job, and for all of them it is their first experience of industrial struggle, but they are strong and confident. One of them, Rajrani Joshi, tells me: 'We have had to suffer a lot of indignities in that factory. We are not going to give up now. Having lived in Slough and worked in this factory we know very well what racism means.'

Slough is a centre of National Front activity. As for the factory, its manager Dennis Rose says it is a happy family firm where no one has any cause to complain. In fact, when the strike started, wages were 95 pence an hour. There were four toilets for 120 workers. In an extremely dirty job (starch from the bubblegum gets everywhere) the washing time was five minutes for the dayshift and nightshift workers were not allowed to wash at all on the premises. There was no sick room or sick pay and the supervisors, who are all white, constantly harassed the workers with racial abuse.

In July last year, Durga Debi, a 20 year-old pregnant woman who strikers claimed had been allocated a particularly heavy job, lost her baby. She had brought a sick note from her doctor but the management had taken no notice. This incident brought things to a head and the workers decided to try to change conditions through a union. One or two women found out about union procedures and helped the others to enroll. But with the lessons of Grunwick to draw on they kept their union membership secret. Finally, when in September 107 of a workforce of 120 were union members, they tried to meet Rose to discuss union recognition. According to Mohammed Anwar, the GMWU branch secretary: 'Rose did not turn up to the first meeting, at the second he said he did not want a union at Chix. We gave him one more week to think about it and then, on 10 October, went on strike.'

The women say various strike-breaking tactics have been tried. In the pre-Christmas period scabs were being brought in from the outside at £2.50 an hour; wages have gone up to £1.45; glucose is being delivered with a police escort at midnight (by a firm which is organised by the Transport and General Workers' Union); and a creche has been provided for workers' children. As for medical facilities, Rose told me that they were adequate, but the day I was there a worker who had fainted was lying in the entrance lobby waiting for an ambulance to come for her.

Of the women picketing outside his factory Rose says: 'Those old women would like to be back at work tomorrow. It is their men who are forcing them to go on strike. Asian women are easily dominated. They do what their men tell them.' What do the women think of this grotesque mixture of racism and sexism? 'Let him wait and see, we'll show him who is easily dominated. It was we who decided we wanted a union, we who decided to strike. But our men are supporting us and our community is supporting us – why shouldn't they?'

Mass picket at Chix

Mark Rusher (IFL)

The women at Chix are part of a strong Asian working-class community whose experience of racism has been sharpened over the last year – by events in nearby Southall, by the new government's proposals on immigration which have deepened the shadow of surveillance under which people live, and by having to fight National Front violence. Work has brought severe exploitation and confrontation with anti-union employers. Inert or indifferent trade unions have had to be pushed into action. On Slough Industrial Estate alone, there have been in the last few months three serious disputes involving Asian workers – at Investacast, Runnymeade Rubber and Meaden Plastics; and the last two have been victories.

At Chix, the strikers claim that production is now down to 50 per cent. The discovery and picketing of a warehouse in Hollyport where Rose keeps his starch and sugar will, they think, further cut his production. The GMWU has been very active locally, but there is a feeling that it has been dragging its feet at a national level. Regional Secretary Harry Robertson says: 'We've been playing it very low key because we didn't want another Grunwick, but we're finding it difficult because there has been very little response from other unions. Maybe we'll have to change our tactics.'

With almost the whole workforce out on strike and the factory running entirely on (white) scab labour, one might well wonder what the trade union movement is waiting for.

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N. IRELAND
Ed Maloney

Spending cuts jeopardise chances of a political settlement

How Thatcher is helping the IRA

WITH THE HIGHEST unemployment rate in Britain, the lowest standard of living and the highest cost of living, Northern Ireland faces not only economic disaster but also the threat of greater political instability. The lesson that political violence and social deprivation go hand in hand appears lost on the present government, for in Northern Ireland Tory public spending cuts are being applied with such vigour that the social fabric is in danger of breaking under the strain.

Within days of taking up residence in Stormont Castle last May Humphrey Atkins, the Northern Ireland Secretary, served notice that the days of financial largesse that characterised the rule of Roy Mason and his social services minister, Lord Melchett, were over. 'Creating secure employment is not the job of the government', he told a meeting of the Northern Ireland Economic Council, an advisory body of trade unionists and employers. Northern Ireland was going to have to shoulder its share of public spending cuts as 'its contribution to achieving a more expansionist economy'.

Since then, cuts of £110 million have been imposed – equivalent to nearly £100 per head of population – and, far from 'achieving a more expansionist economy', all the signs are that Northern Ireland now faces the worst depression since the Thirties.

At the last count over 66,000 people were on the dole in Northern Ireland, the highest figure for 40 years. This represents nearly 12 per cent of the working population: if the same percentage were applied to Britain it would mean a million out of work. But even that 12 per cent disguises a multitude of ills in Northern Ireland.

Not least of them are the great regional and sectarian imbalances in unemployment. Catholic areas in West Belfast and in the west of Northern Ireland have unemployment rates double the average, and in some areas unemployment reaches 50 per cent. The obvious conclusion is that Protestant unemployment is lower than the average – a conclusion supported by the Fair Employment Agency, which found that Catholics were two and a half times more likely to be on the dole than Protestants. Young people suffer disproportionately too: the number of 16 and 17 year olds out of work has risen by 260 per cent during the last decade – compared with a 100 per cent rise in the overall unemployment figure.

Unemployment statistics do not tell the whole story. Northern Ireland is also the poorest region in Britain. The latest report of the Supplementary Benefits Commission revealed that 15 per cent of the population were dependent on benefits, compared with 9 per cent in Britain. People who are in work, again according to official statistics, are likely to be worse off than their counterparts in Britain. The average wage is £72 per week compared with the British worker's £93, and for employed and unemployed alike the cost of living in Northern Ireland is appreciably higher. House prices are the second highest in the UK, heating and lighting costs are between 30 and 300 per cent higher than elsewhere, and basic commodities such as food and clothing are up to 20 per cent dearer.

Camera Press

Ulster: The lowest standard and highest cost of living in Britain

Everyone suffers, but the poor are hit hardest of all. Although costs are considerably higher than the rest of Britain, supplementary benefits remain the same. A growing number of families are falling victim to the Payments for Debts Act – a piece of exclusively local legislation that deducts arrears on such items as rent and electricity bills from social security payments.

Against this background of genuine social deprivation, Humphrey Atkins has introduced spending cuts that can only worsen the position of the poor and further weaken the economy. While government figures show that the state of health, especially among the elderly and young, is so bad that NHS spending is 17 per cent per head higher than the rest of the UK, prescription charges have been raised by 57 per cent. People on supplementary benefit may not suffer, but the low-paid will. Similarly, schemes to make families pay more for school meals and school transport will also hit the poor – especially in rural areas. Increases in Housing Executive rents will hit everyone.

OTHER CUTS will directly affect employment. The Selective Employment Premium, which Roy Mason successfully fought to keep in Northern Ireland after Denis Healey had abolished it in Britain, was, according to trade unionists, responsible for maintaining 10,000 jobs – although one report from the Department of Manpower Services put the figure at 37,200. Now the Tories have abolished it. Over 2,000 jobs have already been lost this year and hardly a week goes by without a new crop of redundancies being announced.

A saving of £33 million by what Atkins calls 'technical changes' in the funding of certain bodies and state-sponsored industries will cause further redundancies. Although the government has refused to be specific about the nature of these technical changes, the result may be that bodies such as the Northern Ireland Electricity Service and companies such as De Lorean Motors have to borrow money at commercial rates from the private sector. These higher costs must lead to higher charges, more redundancies or curtailed expansion plans.

In the public sector there have already been cuts in the civil service which could lead to the loss of 2,000 jobs. But the main effect in the public sphere will come from the imposition of strict cash limits based on inflation of between 8 and 9 per cent. Inflation is now actually 18.5 per cent.

In the private sector too, Atkins and his team are keeping to a strict Thatcherite discipline. A case in point is the Belfast ship builder Harland and Wolff, which at one halcyon point in its history employed nearly 30,000 people. Because of the worldwide recession in shipping, Harland and Wolff is now but a shadow of its former self, with a payroll of only 7,000 and a contract book that expires in March 1981. With its exclusively loyalist workforce the shipyard has hitherto been sheltered from the tempests of commercial 'reality', as previous governments have always been fearful of the political turbulence that could be caused by several thousand angry, unemployed Protestant shipyard men. Now, however, Humphrey Atkins has made it clear that unless the yard improves productivity and shows some signs of profitability he will close it. Funds have been reduced to £22 million for this financial year and 2,000 men have already been made redundant. If the shipyard does go under, another 14,000 jobs in dependent industries may sink as well.

At the end of January, trade unionists' fears for the future of the Northern Irish economy were confirmed in a report published by the local management consultancy branch of accountants Coopers and Lybrand. 100,000 people – nearly 20 per cent of Northern Ireland's working population – could be out of a job by the end of 1980 if the government sticks to its policy.

THE CONSEQUENCES of this economic decline could undermine British attempts to stabilise the local political scene. The most obvious point is that Catholic working-class unemployment is bound to rise, especially among young Catholics. The emigrant boat, for long the only way out for many Irish people, is denied to these young people by the world recession. Growing numbers will thus have no future but the street corner and the dole queue. Inevitably, many will make their way into the ranks of the Provisional IRA and other militant Republican groups, where they will find ample opportunity to vent their frustration at identifiable targets.

Northern Ireland's Protestant working class also faces the prospect of higher unemployment; the only difference is that for many of them it will be the first time since the 1930s. Many, such as those laid off due to the textile recession which threatens to close Courtaulds' local plant, are skilled workers who will be able to find work in England. Just as many, however, will have no option but to sign on.

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How will they react when they find themselves idle in a province which their parents and grandparents were told was exclusively theirs, a domain of Protestant privilege and prosperity? In the 1930s the instinctive reaction was to blame Catholics and it is no coincidence that that period saw the worst sectarian violence in Northern Ireland's history.

Most important of all from Humphrey Atkins's point of view are the middle classes, with whose representatives he has to deal in constitutional negotiations. The period between the imposition of direct rule and the end of Roy Mason saw an unparalleled expansion in government spending and the growth of the public sector. Between 1972 and 1978 employment in areas such as health, education and public administration rose by 33 per cent to 158,000 jobs. The educated sons and daughters of the Catholic middle and working class, who a few years earlier were marching on the streets and demanding 'one man, one job', were absorbed into the system. This shift paid dividends for the British government by bolstering the moderate SDLP, who could claim credit for the changes. At the same time traditional Protestant fears that a Catholic could only get a job at the expense of a Protestant were reduced, because there were more jobs to go round. Now the Tory cuts threaten to reverse those political gains and engender suspicion and resentment among the people with whom Atkins needs to agree.

Throughout his nine-month period at the Northern Ireland Office neither Humphrey Atkins nor any of his junior ministers have shown any awareness of the possible consequences of the Tory economic policy in Northern Ireland. When the political backlash comes, the Tories will have themselves to blame.

Ed Maloney works for the Irish magazine Hibernia.

AGRICULTURE
Barry Wilson

Huge profits from subsidised slaughter for EEC farmers on the fiddle

The only good cow's a dead cow

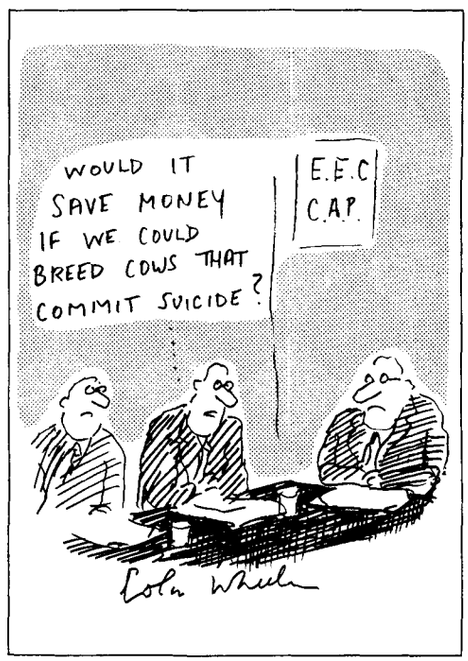
WHEN THE EEC's agriculture ministers finally cobble together their annual farm price agreement in March or April, one thing is fairly certain: they will extend the present subsidised cow slaughter scheme. They will do this in lieu of any effective action to tackle the scandalous milk surplus. It is also an easy option for the farm ministers, because for farmers it is money for old rope.

The EEC this year will produce about 20 per cent more milk than it consumes. Disposal of this surplus will cost £3.2 billion – or just under 40 per cent of the entire EEC budget. No one knows how to solve this problem. Troublemakers who suggest such things as cutting prices by 20 per cent, strictly limiting production, or removing strategic market support are advised to take a rest cure. However, some new brilliant minds have recently addressed themselves to the problem: one such is self-styled agricultural expert Jim Scott-Hopkins who is now leader of the UK Conservative group at the European Parliament. What must be done, he says, is to get rid of five million cows.

In fact, the idea is not new. The EEC has been playing with cow slaughter schemes for more than ten years. The first scheme was launched in 1969, and just over 500,000 milking cows were killed and their carcases sold, some of the meat ending up in our stomachs. A second slaughter scheme was introduced in 1973 under which 450,000 cows were disposed of. In the summer of 1977 the best-ever slaughter scheme was introduced. It runs out at the end of March this year. By then, just under 100,000 farmers will have collected their 'milkshakes' (i.e. milky golden handshakes), and 1.3 million cows will have been liquidated.

These three schemes have cost well in excess of £500m. and some 2.2 million cows. But there are still just over 25 million cows being milked in the EEC, compared with just under 25 million in 1969. And, to make matters worse, Community cow yields have increased by 22 per cent in the past 15 years.

In other words, the slaughter schemes have been a disastrous, expensive failure – or, as a UK farming paper put it recently: 'They have caused a lot of bloodshed and have subsidised some ageing farmers into staying in bed later.' Although the schemes make farmers promise not to produce milk for five years, it is obvious that slaughtered cows are quickly replaced elsewhere. At least that is one explanation given early this year by an EEC official in Brussels: 'Some national governments are not adequately policing the schemes. It is obvious that abuses are widespread.'



The most obvious abuse is that the cows are not killed at all. Remarkably, the schemes leave verification entirely in the hands of the farmer, who must produce written evidence from an abattoir that slaughter was carried out. The temptation to make false returns has proved irresistible in many cases. A slightly less bare-faced fraud is to replace good young milking cows with bought-in boners and crackers, destined for the knackery anyway. The good milkers are then sold at auction to other farmers who go on milking them.

UK Ministry of Agriculture officials admit that such fraud takes place, and their Investigations Branch says it has looked into some allegations (notably when they were made on BBC TV last year). 'We would welcome any hard evidence of fraud,' said the man from the Ministry, who also privately admitted that some fudging was given the blind eye treatment. 'After all they do it everywhere else,' he said, 'why should we get tough? Anyway it's only Brussels money.'

This comment sums up a widespread feeling throughout the EEC towards fraud of the CAP, and accounts for the lackadaisical attitude to policing. A recent Brussels report saying that in 1978 CAP irregularities cost only £2m. – 0.035 per cent of total CAP expenditure – was, understandably, greeted with howls of derision. This was the lowest figure since 1974, showing that crime rates can come tumbling down when detection of all but the most obvious excesses is virtually abandoned.

Last month the council of the UK National Farmers Union discussed a Lincolnshire resolution demanding a tightening up of loopholes in the cow slaughter schemes.The council quickly threw it out, reporting, with clear sincerity, that it didn't want to do anything to prevent eligible British farmers getting their whack. The slaughter schemes are very popular with the farm lobby: they appear to be tackling the milk surplus but they don't damage farm incomes – indeed they are a new source of farm income. The slaughter premiums paid to farmers are based on the value of one year's milk production per cow. For UK farmers this means a payout of about £400 per cow, plus up to £400 for the value of the slaughtered carcase.

One Eastern counties farmer, last September, pocketing £80,000 after packing up his 100-cow herd, said: 'It's very embarrassing really. Why should I get this money simply to change my way of life? But I'd be a fool not to take it, wouldn't I?'

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CIVIL LIBERTY
Richard Kinsey

Scotland's Criminal Justice Bill threatens freedom throughout the UK

A crime to carry a bottle

THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE (SCOTLAND) BILL, which had its Report Stage in the House of Lords this week, will mark the first step towards systematic changes in policing in England and Wales. What happens to it when it reaches the Commons is therefore crucial – not only to Scots, who will be immediately affected, but to everyone in Britain.

Under the Bill, the Scottish police are to be given general powers previously unknown to them or to their English counterparts. These include a power to hold suspects for up to six hours of questioning, without arrest, charge or caution. The suspect would have no right to legal advice and could be held *incommunicado*. The Bill confers a 'right' to have a solicitor and one other person 'reasonably named' informed, but the right could be withdrawn if the police thought it was not 'in the interests of the investigation'. Detainees would thus be in a substantially worse position than if they had been arrested, even though there need be no concrete evidence against them. In Scotland, people who have been arrested have an absolute right to contact a solicitor.

In addition, the Bill gives police the power to strip, search and fingerprint detainees, and put them on identification parades. There is no procedure laid down for review or appeal although a record would be kept. Since arrests need not be made, nor charges brought, the use of these powers may seldom come to the attention of a court of law or of the Procurator Fiscal. The only means of redress available would be a highly speculative and probably expensive civil action for damages. There is no independent Police Complaints Board in Scotland.

As the law presently stands, in order to make a lawful arrest, the police must be able to produce at least some concrete evidence in support of their suspicion – for example, the sight of someone running away from the scene of the crime or 'reliable information'. The detention powers, however, could be exercised on the basis of 'reasonable suspicion' alone. According to the Thomson Committee, upon whose recommendations these measures are based, reasonable suspicion might be aroused by the 'gait, manner or demeanour' of the suspect, or by 'any knowledge the officer may have of the suspect's character or background'. The effect is to confer a discretionary power upon the police which is without any real limit and which would render the presumption of innocence meaningless.

Replying to Jason Ditton ('Police malpractise to be legalised', NS 14 December 1979), Malcolm Rifkind, Minister of State for Scottish Affairs, told NEW STATESMAN readers that the Bill retained 'the right to silence for a suspect except for the requirement to give his name and address'. It is true that a detainee would be told that he is not required to answer questions put to him by the police, but there is no provision for formal caution, and the Bill specifically empowers the police to question throughout the period of detention. There need be no independent corroboration – and indeed the government has refused even to include the Thomson Committee's provision for tape recording – yet any statement made would be admissible evidence in court.

Shortly after arrest, a 'judicial examination' can be called by the prosecution, at which further questions can be put to an accused about any confession he (or she) is said to have made in such circumstances. The accused would not have the right to legal representation, and if he chose to remain silent as the Bill presently stands, the judge or prosecution at a subsequent trial would be allowed to draw attention to this, and adverse inferences could be drawn from it.

Mr Rifkind asserted in the same letter that the Bill 'confers no new right of entry upon the police'. This is correct. But instead the Bill gives the police a power to detain anywhere they are 'entitled to be'. In other words, rather than providing a new right of entry, it gives new powers of detention wherever the police make an entry under their old powers. Mr Rifkind also claimed that under Clause One of the Bill, a potential witness could not be 'detained'. All the Bill does, according to the Minister, is to allow an officer to 'keep a witness with him for the purpose of obtaining (without unreasonable delay) his correct name and address'. However, he omitted to point out that under subsection two of that Clause, the police officer is empowered to use 'reasonable force to ensure that the person . . . remains with him'. Nor did he make it clear whether it would be up to the forcibly 'kept' person to decide that delay was unreasonable.

Mr Rifkind went on to dispute Jason Ditton's assertion that detainees could be held in detention centres. Under Clause Two of the Bill, the police are to be given the power to detain suspects for six hours' questioning, without arrest, charge or caution in police stations or *'other premises'*. Mr Rifkind rightly said that 'the powers of search and fingerprinting can be exercised (under the provisions of the Bill) only if there have been reasonable grounds for suspicion justifying detention'. But he failed to explain that the Bill makes no provision for enforcement of such protection, as there is no means of review and no sanction against abuse.

During the committee stage of the Bill, the government made certain concessions – although without actually amending the Bill. It agreed to reconsider the provision about remaining silent during a judicial examination; it agreed to review the proposal to allow detainees who have already been held for six hours to be held for further six-hour spells on the authority of a Justice of the Peace; and it conceded that witnesses should not be detained for indefinite periods while the police established their identity. However, the Bill makes it an offence to give a false name and address and allows police to hold a suspect anywhere other than in a police station, for as long as they need to establish his or her identity. Potential witnesses, stopped in the street by the police, could easily become suspects if the police took the view that they had given false names and addresses.

The Scottish TUC, the Scottish Liberal Party, the Scottish National Party, and the Executive of the Scottish Labour Party have all condemned these measures. The Conservatives hold but 26 of the 71 Scottish constituencies and a devolved assembly would presumably have thrown out any such proposals. The new law will be passed by a majority of the Conservative parliamentary party who would not, day in day out, fall under its jurisdiction. In their evidence to the Thomson Committee, the Scottish Police Federation did not ask for these or similar powers, and Alexander Morrison, the Chief Constable of the Grampian Region and currently President of the Scottish Association of Chief Police Officers, has said:

> For the whole of my 32 years' service we have never had this power. The truth is that the police service in this country functions so well because we depend on public support. And it is a fact of life that when we are faced with a difficult situation involving a serious crime people do co-operate.
>
> I believe the British public have always co-operated well and I also believe they have fully understood the position.
>
> By our absence of power we, in our turn, are careful – very careful. (*Aberdeen Press and Journal*, 21.1.80.)

But despite the political opposition, despite the opinion of practising lawyers, professional bodies such as the Glasgow Bar Association, of professors of law and Chief Constables, the government intends to press ahead. Public interest, we are told, demands it. Nicholas Fairbairn, the present Solicitor General for Scotland, has even gone so far as to describe the Bill's opponents as 'subversives', seeking to 'undermine the foundations of justice'. Such allegations are best rebutted by the Conservatives themselves. As their leading theorist wrote:

> Whenever the rights of the individual are overridden for the sake of some ostensibly higher aim, some collective good which transcends individual rights, we move towards despotism, in which the rights of all individuals are sacrificed to the interests and political fashions of the ruling hierarchy (Sir Keith Joseph, Freedom Under the Law, 1975).

Football fans

Derek Sayer adds:

The proposed controls on 'designated sporting events' are as gross an interference with civil liberties – though in this case the liberties are of working class people, which might explain the lack of comment – as anything in the Criminal Justice (Scotland) Bill.

To be drunk, to possess alcohol, or any container that can hold alcohol or be used as a missile, either at or on vehicles hired to get to and from 'designated events', now become *imprisonable crimes*. The major objection is a simple one. Existing law provides ample powers to deal with those who *are* drunk and disorderly, disturbing the peace, creating a public nuisance, and so on, without it being necessary to penalise (and potentially criminalise) the majority of football supporters who are out to enjoy themselves in peaceable and (so far) perfectly lawful ways. That they are popular liberties that are being taken away does not make them any the less liberties, or remove our obligation to defend them.

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Jerusalem Diary

☐ If you have the taste to read the 'news' that the Egyptian government allows to filter through to its subjects you can now buy the Cairo dailies in both east and west Jerusalem, although they are evidently in much less demand on the Arab side of the city where the pro-PLO press refers nastily to the 'Sadatist Al-Ahram' and the 'so-called autonomy'.

Many Israelis, however, still appear to have little idea of the kind of regime they are at peace with – not least because most of the pundits in the Hebrew press have taken to using nice words like 'centralist' or 'bureaucratic' to describe Sadat's government – *a propos* (justified) concern that the economic benefits of peace may not reach the Egyptian masses. Now that the initial excitement has worn off, normalisation may have some unpleasant surprises in store. An Israeli friend recently back from a spell of reserve army duty on the new border in Sinai tells me of the novelty of talking freely to Egyptian officers at the checkpoint. They are most interested, he reports, in the activities of the Peace Now movement in Israel and full of praise for its forthright criticism of government policy. My friend countered with tales of the Cairene students he met in London who are bitter opponents of Sadat's regime. 'How interesting', the Egyptians smiled. 'Give us their names.'

☐ There are still a good many people, not just on the lunatic fringe, who are against peace, and seize on every opportunity to prove that it was all just a terrible mistake. Ephraim Kishon, the country's leading popular humorist, last week treated the readers of two national newspapers to his 'satirical' interpretation of Sadat's interview with a Saudi Arabian journalist. The Egyptian leader is explaining how his Deputy Prime Minister, Hassan Tohami, was able to describe Israel as 'a Jewish state on plundered Moslem soil' without endangering peace. The characteristically unfunny article is important precisely because it captures the genuine apprehensions many Israelis have about Egyptian intentions. 'Frankly', says Kishon's Sadat:

> The Israelis are dumber than I thought. They give up a vital defence zone with twenty billion barrels of oil and a score of flourishing settlements in exchange for a few pretty compliments to that miserable windbag and a direct phone line. They positively make me laugh, those geniuses. They still haven't grasped why Tohami shot his mouth off and why the Syrians suddenly began moving troops right after their Sinai withdrawal. They have swallowed the autonomy gimmick hook, line and sinker. I mean I can't stand Yasser Arafat personally but he'll do very well to rid us of that pest. Soon he'll set up his state, God willing, and cut the throat of every last Israeli. As for Egypt, before long it will return to the bosom of the great Arab family.
>
> 'Insh 'Allah', said the Saudi magazine editor. 'And for now, Mr President?'
>
> 'The peace process will continue.'

☐ But at least no one can accuse the Israelis of concealing their true intentions for the future of the West Bank. Recent government approval of plans to allow settlers from Kiryat Arba to live in Arab Hebron – what the Cabinet hawks called 'an appropriate Zionist response' to the murder of a soldier from the Jewish 'suburb' – has injected a religious note into existing strains. Many of the settlers are not even Israeli-born – let alone descendants of the 60 Jewish victims of the massacre which took place in the Arab city in 1929. At a recent ceremony 'formally announcing the return of the Jewish people to Hebron', Rabbi Haim Druckman, an MP for the National Religious Party and tireless lobbyist for the Gush Emunim movement, made a thunderous speech (in Hebrew) imploring 'anyone who doesn't want us in Hebron (pop. 60,000 Arabs) to find himself somewhere else to live'. Amid murmurs of general approval of this no-nonsense approach a devout-looking young man in the crowd called out, in impeccable Woodstock-vintage English: 'Right *on*'. Last summer a group of women from Kiryat Arba began squatting in a Jewish-owned building in the centre of Hebron in an attempt to put pressure on the government. One day the leader of the band, an indomitable woman called Miriam Levinger (the New York-born better half of a Kiryat Arba rabbi) was chatting to journalists about the aspirations of the settlers. Unable, after vigorous efforts, to crack her ideological grounds for being there 'Unto thy seed will I give this land' etc), I tried a different, more immediate tack. 'Tell me', I asked. 'Doesn't all this Arab hatred, this hostility here bother you?' 'Oh no', drawled Mrs L. 'Why should I be scared of the Arabs? In Brooklyn I wasn't afraid of the Schvartzes.'

☐ And now – biblical economics. One of the reasons for the replacement of the Israeli *lira* by the new *shekel* (a tenfold growth in the value of the basic currency unit), say officials here, is the educational and national importance of 'returning' to the old Hebrew word for a cash denomination. But the public, groaning under inflation that last year reached 110 per cent, is not amused by the cosmetic change and it seems unlikely that the new unit will inspire any more confidence than its predecessor – especially if price rises continue. The national unemployment figure is now around the four per cent mark but rising rapidly, particularly in development towns that lack a diversified industrial base. In one of these, Afula, unemployment has risen by 100 per cent over the past two months and mass redundancies in the northern border town of Kiryat Shmona have led to demonstrations outside the *Knesset* in Jerusalem. One side effect of the creeping crisis has been the dusting off of the old wisecracks popular during the recession that preceded the Six Days War. The best of a bad lot – all of them sound better in Yiddish, they say – is the one that compares the effect of economic difficulties to a circumcision: 'From the little fellow, they chop off. The grown-ups get cakes'.

☐ Natan Yellin-Mor, who died last week aged 67, was one of the last links between the Zionist underground movements of the 1940s which helped harry the British out of mandatory Palestine, and the left wing of the peace movement which emerged after the 1967 war to advocate recognition of and negotiations with the PLO. As leader of the Stern gang after the murder of its founder by British detectives in 1942, Yellin-Mor coupled genuine anti-imperialism with an expansionist Zionism even more extreme than that of a bespectacled Polish Jew called Menahem Begin, who headed the rival (and larger) Irgun group. After 1948, when Begin and his cronies entrenched themselves in the Right opposition to Ben-Gurion and Mapai, Yellin-Mor gravitated towards the Left. By May 1977, when the former Irgun commander came in from the cold, Yellin-Mor had come out in favour of talks with the PLO. Members of 'the fighting family' – as Begin lovingly calls his former underground comrades in arms – occupy key positions in government. One of them, former Sternist leader Yizhak Shamir, currently serving as speaker of the *Knesset*, is soon to be appointed Foreign Minister to replace Moshe Dayan. (Shamir, incidentally, abstained from voting on the Camp David accords because he didn't like the idea of dismantling settlements in Sinai.) At Yellin-Mor's funeral last week Shamir had the nerve to express regret that the deceased 'never found the right track for his talents'.

☐ *Israelis who tell my favourite current joke* do so in sadness rather than joy – for it encapsulates widespread feelings that the occupation has affected them as well as the Palestinians. An old man and his grandson are strolling through the streets of Tel Aviv. 'Nu, Yossi', says grandpa. 'You see that house? – I built it when I was a young man. And look at that road over there. Fifty years ago I paved it with my own bare hands. And see that tree. I planted it when I was just a little older than you.' 'Gosh, Grandpa, were you an *Arab* when you were young?'

Ian Black

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A one-legged man seeking a state mobility allowance had to struggle up four flights of stairs to the room where a tribunal was to decide his claim. When he got there the tribunal ruled that he could not have the allowance because he had managed to make it up the stairs. – *Observer* (Helen Richards)

☐ Mr Haseen's claim of racial discrimination appeared to boil down to allegations that a child called him 'blackie bastard' and the headmaster took no action; a teacher told him that a gangway was for whites only; the headmaster told him that he should go home to Pakistan.

If the headmaster had made such a remark it was in the realisation that his English was not improving and that he might serve his best interests that way. There was no evidence of racial discrimination. – *Guardian* (Jeremy Bugler)

☐ I thoroughly enjoyed *Birdwatch*. What a pleasant change to see a bird programme which didn't include courtship and copulation. – Letter in *Radio Times* (M. Symons)

☐ The majority of deaths during intercourse seem to be associated with infidelity, hence the standard advice to the coronary patient: 'Nothing exciting, just with your wife.' – *Sunday Times* (J. C. Park)

☐ British Airways flew its reigning beauty queen to Cyprus to promote the airline, but sent her luggage to Switzerland. – *The Times* (K. Jermy)

☐ Before Chancellor Spafford (Judgment delivered 23 January). Electric lights, though a lawful form of illumination in churches, should not, normally be used in form of imitation candles if only because, so far as reasonably possible, the genuine and best articles should be used in the worship of God. – Law Report in *The Times* (P. J. Stokoe)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Economic building blocks

From Professor Patrick Minford

The key issue raised by Paul Ormerod and David Worswick (NS 8 February) concerns the long-run determination of national output. I am surprised because I thought it was common ground among neo-Keynesian economists that output tends eventually to a level determined by supply-side factors; relative prices on this view are 'sticky' but they get there in the end. Equilibrium output and capital stock are, in an open economy with internationally mobile capital, fixed by the stock of labour, the (internationally fixed) cost of capital, and the production technology. Demand-management cannot influence this directly (though it can, by increasing economic uncertainty for example, do so indirectly); government 'supply' policies could have an effect, especially the supply of labour, but that is another matter.

Whether the NIESR model has this view is obviously up to its proponents to say; it is not for me to get involved further. My impressions were based, firstly on the most recent available description of the NIESR approach (working paper no. 10), and secondly on NIESR simulations 2 and 4 in the article by Messrs Laury, Lewis and Ormerod in the February 1976 NIESR Review which clearly suggest that a rise in government spending would have a negligible long-run impact under floating exchange rates. If this is *not* the long-run property of the NIESR model then a full working paper explaining just why is surely owed in due course to British macro economists.

As for the other issues, there is massive evidence that the 'demand for money', 'productive potential' and 'money supply' relations *exist*. Of course these relations may and do shift because of changes in the environment; this is fully to be expected. But they would have had to shift systematically and continuously to invalidate the proposition that systematic and continuous growth in the money supply under a floating exchange rate causes inflation. The evidence is clear that they do not shift in this convenient way.

The 'real' PSRB at 'full employment' could have some use as a measure of 'demand stimulus' imparted by fiscal policy in the short term, if one assumed that inflation expectations are not altered by it. This assumption is quite wrong, however, as we see from movements in the gilt-edged market to which Paul Ormerod refers. Be that as it may, the critical *financial* magnitude is the nominal actual PSBR, as he in effect recognises; it is this magnitude that determines money supply growth and inflation (and so also incidentally is relevant to short run demand).

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Goronwy Rees's memory

From Richard Winkler

Goronwy Rees's deathbed reading party, as described by Andrew Boyle, constitutes a remarkable innovation in journalism. Where, one wonders, will this practice end? Did Boyle, for example, interview Cyril Connolly and is he about to 'reveal' the contents of *Enemies of Promise* (1938) to the readers of the *Observer*?

The time-discrepancy that Boyle mentions is certainly very curious (nor I should add, is it made any less curious by Boyle's inexplicable insistence that Tuesday 29 May 1951 fell on 28 May). There are, in fact, three versions of Rees's activities between 29 May and 7 June. Version 1: Rees talked on 29 May to some unnamed person at MI5 who may or may not have been Liddell (*A Chapter of Accidents* pp. 209-210). Version 2: Rees talked (for the first time) to the same unnamed person at MI5 on 7 June (*A Chapter of Accidents* p. 211). Version 3: Rees had lunch with Liddell and Blunt on 1 June, and talked on 7 June to *two* unnamed persons at MI5, neither of them being the prandial Liddell (Boyle).

These discrepancies are of Rees's making. Did Boyle, in the course of their 'conversations lasting many hours', ask Rees to account for them? Surely this essential question could and should have been inserted into the recitations from *A Chapter of Accidents*? Just who has tumbled into whose trap remains, like much else in this bizarre affair, unclear.

29 Abercorn Place, London NW8

Norwegian notes

From Waldemar Brøgger

Fred Halliday writes (NS 15 February) that Norway gained independence from Denmark only in 1905. The correct year is 1814. Osta (her name was Aasta) Hansteen was not a trade union leader, though an influential feminist, and the strike of the women match-workers did not take place in the 1870s, but in 1889. The letters SV do not stand for Socialist Election Alliance (though they did until 1975), but for Socialist Leftist Party. Small errors maybe, but still . . .

N-3145 Tjøme, Norway

Party paper

From Geoffrey Goodman

I was glad to see the NS draw attention to the Campaign for Press Freedom (NS 22 February). But it was unfortunate that in both Anna Coote's piece and, more specifically, in Christopher Hitchens' 'London Diary' there were some misleading and disparaging comments about the possibilities of launching a new daily newspaper.

The concept of a new national daily does not, in my view, necessarily mean a paper tied to the Labour Party or the trade unions (like the old *Daily Herald*). It should certainly not be 'a new house journal for the trade unions' as Anna Coote suggests. Nor, as Christopher Hitchens assumes, one dominated by 'the mentality of a loyal party paper'. Its primary role, in my view, ought to be to provide journalistic excellence in a new dimension and with a radical spirit that now appears to be lacking. This was the essence of the case that David Basnett and myself sought to advance in our minority report in the Royal Commission on the Press.

Of course such an enterprise would be full of hazards – though the costs are still being exaggerated in my view. The real problem would be to get sustained financial support from groups, including the trade unions, who would then be prepared to leave their investment in the care of an Editorial Trust whose function would be to protect the right of the paper to bite the hand that fed it.

Daily Mirror, 33 Holborn, London EC1

College nurseries

From Maurice Cheesewright

It is difficult to know where to begin correcting the errors in your Education Correspondent's article on university nurseries (NS 1 February). The top headline which reads 'State sends circulars to universities ordering nursery closures' is a complete misconception. What the University Grants Committee said in its letter was that 'the recurrent costs of a creche should in no circumstances involve a charge on universities' general income'; that this will result in universal closures is by no means a foregone, or even a probable, conclusion. Thus, to say that this University 'expects to toe the UGC line and shut down its nursery' is based on a false premise. As yet the UGC letter has not been considered by the University Council or any of its committees. Even accepting your not unreasonable prognosis that we are unlikely to defy the UGC directive there are still plenty of viable alternatives to closure to be considered.

Your attribution to us of a £66m income (would that it were so!) is about £40m wide of the mark. Your statement that our income from private (ie non-UGC?) sources of over £½m could 'legitimately' be used to continue subsidising the nursery is certainly not part of our concordat with the UGC.

The Registry, University of Birmingham, PO Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT

Safety first?

From Duncan Bowling

I should like to comment on some of the main issues, raised in Andrew Saint's article on children's playgrounds (NS 22 February). He seemed to imply that Fair Play for Children is advocating greater safety at the expense of play value, or excitement. This is far, far from the case: many children play in fixed equipment playgrounds because there is nowhere else available – it's Hobson's Choice. Children have been having serious accidents on them for years. If a place deliberately sets out to attract children away from roads, surely it should be made reasonably safe? On top of the dangers offered by these playgrounds, they are, on the whole, intensely boring with little scope for creative play.

I'm not quite sure what he means by stating that adventure playgrounds have to be 'minutely designed'. The whole basis of an adventure playground is that it provides opportunities for creativity by involving the children in building the playground. He also misses the point about the value of adult workers – these playworkers work *with* the children. They provide an opportunity to develop relationships with adults outside home and school. Overall, it is strange that such a large article failed to recognise current developments in play provision which are very exciting. A number of community groups are working with children in the design and development of play areas, so that the schemes reflect the real needs of the neighbourhood.

We are also trying to expand the definition of play. It does not just mean a sterile ghetto of concrete, metal and rust (if it ever did!). It encompasses arts, crafts, photography, building, video and much else. I'm rather sad that the article was in the Arts and Entertainment section, since play also raises important social questions about the role of children in society, about the amount of control people have over their environment, about day care and working parents, and about how decisions are made which shape people's lives.

Fair Play for Children, 248 Kentish Town Road, London NW5

Points of fact

From John Field

I enjoyed Raphael Samuel's defence of History Workshop (NS 15 February) and heartily agreed with his rejection of academic élitism. I am also grateful to him for plugging the *Bulletin of the Society for the Study of Labour History*. Unfortunately, the details given were wrong. The subscription is £3.30 and the Bulletin appears twice a year.

Northern College, Wentworth Castle, Stainborough, Barnsley, S. Yorks

From Sue Bruley

Please note that the *Feminist History Group* has not met at 190 Upper Street since last December. Our new venue is *A Woman's Place*, 48 William IVth St, WC2.

90 Franciscan Road, London SW19

Little or large?

From Bill Manley

Charles Fox (NS 1 February) claimed that Harry Relph was dubbed 'Little Tich(borne)' because of his plumpness. That's the first time I've heard *that* story. From Chance Newton onwards we've always been told it was ironic because Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant, was so huge and Tich was small – all of him. Are we now to believe that this joke wasn't so much of a joke after all?

C/o Tower Theatre, London N1

Information wanted

South Africa: journals, pamphlets, leaflets, correspondence issued by liberal or left-wing parties, student bodies, discussion clubs etc., 1930-1964. All documents will be returned. Meetings with people involved also welcome.

Baruch Hirson, 13 Talbot Avenue, London N2

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Behind the scenes

Nobody in their youth can ever have been a keener amateur actor than hopelessly stage-struck I. Year after year, audiences sighed and flinched and fidgeted and looked at their watches as I strode the boards and boomed disastrously away in plays by Barrie and Shaw and Sheridan, to name the most reputable. Nor was that all. In lighter vein, I was perfectly ready to rig up in pierrot costume and, a revolting spectacle, dispense and ruin musical items by Coward and Farjeon. Nothing and nobody was safe from me, though it was not until I was nineteen that I was able to get my hands, so to speak, on Shakespeare and mess him about. This was at Cambridge when the Marlowe Society, a distinguished band of skilled and seasoned performers, part dons and part undergraduates, decided to do Henry IV Part II, a work with which I was unfamiliar, and kindly allotted to me the role of the Earl of Surrey.

Hastening to a copy of the text and searching eagerly through the Dramatis Personae, I instantly spied the name of the Earl of Surrey, proudly listed with two other earls, Westmoreland and Warwick, described as being 'Of the King's Party', and clearly a person of note. It was with considerable excitement, and wondering whether my talents would be equal to the strain of this exacting part, that I turned the pages, seeking my big speeches, my moments of high drama, my sword fights and, with luck, my eventual death in the King's cause with somebody saying, over my dead body and as the curtain fell, 'What courteous nobility was here! Sleep on, sweet Sir, and take thy well-won rest.' Or something. Great heavens, I could hear the cheers already.

I do not know how recently you have seen or read Henry IV Part II but just in case it hasn't come your way in the last month or so, let me tell you that you have to be pretty nippy even to spot the Earl of Surrey. There is no chance at all of actually hearing him utter for he does not speak. The Bard has provided for him no words. Moody silence is his. His entrance is certainly saved excitingly up, with the audience on the alert for him, until the very beginning of Act III when, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick, he enters a room in the Palace of Westminster and finds there the night-gowned King who has wound up a long and self-indulgent soliloquy about the great benefits of sleep by saying that he himself cannot sleep and then adding a line that one has heard before somewhere – 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown'. Meanwhile, Surrey just stands there and, with him speechless, pushful Warwick greets the King with 'Many good morrows to your majesty!', and when the insomniac old dodderer replies 'Is it good morrow, lords?', Warwick presses on with a time check – ''Tis one o'clock and past'.

This seemed to me to be an immensely unfair distribution of lines and I refused to put up with it. The undergraduate cast to play the Earl of Warwick was an agreeable friend of mine in Trinity. Hurrying speedily round to his rooms in the Great Court, I found him – it was about eleven a.m. – drinking, as was his sensible mid-morning custom, a healing glass of cointreau and deciding not to attend any lectures that day or, indeed, any day. He kindly poured me out a generous measure (oh we went the pace in those days, I can tell you) and, in the heady fumes of the delicious liqueur, he sportingly agreed to see things my way and to allow me to say his line, ''Tis one o'clock, and past.' I gave it, both in rehearsal and performance, everything I'd got. The experience gained from fourteen years of amateur acting was lavished upon it. Sometimes I said it boldly. Sometimes I said it wistfully. Sometimes I said it reproachfully, implying that we had been kept up long after our bedtime. The line never actually got a round of applause but it kept audiences, I felt, on their toes, wondering among themselves when it was going to be that nice Earl of Surrey's turn to speak again.

At one of our matinées of the play there was for all of us a great thrill. A very famous actress, Irene Vanbrugh, later, and in 1941, to be Dame Irene and who had, I think, a young relative in the cast, came to a performance and sat, splendidly visible to all, in the third row. It was my day for saying my line boldly and I directed it straight at her. ''Tis one o'clock, and past', I trumpeted, every word a jewel of clarity and superb elocution. It could, I felt, hardly fail to impress her and when, some years later, she wrote her agreeable autobiography, *To Tell My Story*, I hurried to it to see what she had to say about that memorable afternoon. There would, surely, be a reference to the performance and to my line, perhaps in diary form ('Thursday. Rain morning. Lunched hotel and went afternoon to production by Cambridge Marlowe Society. Was much struck by Earl of Surrey'). But no mention of the matinée or me was made. Odd.

And then, in the strange way that things happen, four years later I had the good fortune to meet Miss Vanbrugh. She was appearing, in a very starry cast, at the Palace Theatre under the banner of C. B. Cochran and in the successful American comedy, *Dinner At Eight* by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber and in which she played Millicent Jordan, the hard-boiled New York hostess whose snobbish social aspirations (Lord and Lady Fernecliffe are invited to dine but fail to turn up) assemble round her table a rum collection of ill-assorted guests, every one of them worried and unhappy in some way or other. The piece was in eleven scenes and had to be played at great speed, with lines thrown away or trampled on, a relatively recent technique to which American actors and actresses were at that time more accustomed than English ones, and least of all Miss Vanbrugh. She had been brought up in the excellent stage tradition of clear, measured speech. You waited to speak until the other person had stopped speaking. She had created the part of Gwendolen in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Pinero wrote plays specially for her, and she was the original Lady Mary in *The Admirable Crichton*. Search the plays of Wilde and Pinero as you may, there are no lines that can either be hurried or thrown away. The same applies to Barrie, apart from a few that one would wish, for other reasons, excised. Miss Vanbrugh was at the time 61 years old, a latish age for learning new tricks and so the engagement was in the nature of a challenge.

I had become very friendly with a delightful niece-by-marriage of the Vanbrughs and together we saw the play (and a splendid theatrical evening it made) and afterwards went round to see and congratulate Miss Vanbrugh. Playing against the grain every inch of the way (tough and nasty women were never her line), she had given a remarkable performance, and in her dressing-room she displayed all the charm and tact and modesty that made her so much loved. And she had, heaven knows, needed them when trying to cope with Mr Kaufman and Miss Ferber, both of them formidable characters who had come over to London after having triumphantly launched the piece in New York and who plainly did not regard the somewhat solid and statuesque Miss Vanbrugh as ideal casting. She told us that when, on one occasion at rehearsal when he was attempting to get extra pace on the dialogue, she had said 'You know, Mr Kaufman, you are asking me to speak quicker than I can think', his reply had been a crisp one: 'Then don't think'.

Meanwhile Miss Ferber, snugly housed at Claridge's, was, as she tells us in her autobiography, disenchanted with everything. There were fogs, she disliked London, she hated the Palace Theatre and, when her spirits were at their nadir, news came to her from rehearsals that Miss Vanbrugh was planning, in the last scene of the second act, to wear 'pink lace lounging pyjamas'. She then, to cap all, caught influenza and was somewhat startled to hear her English maid announcing this misfortune to Mr Kaufman down the telephone wires and in the accepted phrase of the time, 'Miss Ferber's very queer today'. The phrase held a different meaning for Mr Kaufman who, the soul of loyalty, is said to have replied, 'Not when you really know her'.

Roger Woddis

Velvet glove

'You don't just sack a chap for one mistake.' – Mrs Thatcher on James Prior, in a Panorama *interview.*

You don't just sack a chap for one mistake,
You don't create because he drops a brick;
I get the needle, but, for heaven's sake,
If you're a leader, you ignore the prick.

Your don't go firing blokes if
you're a ganger,
We're mates, and we're pursuing common
ends;
It's jolly hard when someone drops a clanger,
But golly, what's a gooley between friends?

John Biffen says we're in for three
years hard,
Sir Ian Gilmour murmurs like a dove,
But still I hold them both in high regard,
And they, in turn, revere my velvet glove.

I've no desire to turn them into martyrs;
As I made crystal-clear to Robin Day,
Though wanting one another's guts
for garters,
My Cabinet is not in disarray.

My Ministers would never call me weak;
They err when they refuse to toe the line,
That's human, but although they're
up the creek,
It's easy to forgive, if you're divine.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Pryce-Jones

Images and Conspiracies

The Question of Palestine by EDWARD W. SAID *Routledge* £7.50
Zionism, Imperialism and Racism by A. W. KAYYALI *Croom Helm* £9.95
The Palestinians in Israel by ELIA T. ZUREIK *Routledge* £8.50
The Sociology of the Palestinians edited by Khalil Nakhleh and Elia Zureik *Croom Helm* £10.95
The Palestinian Covenant and Its Meaning by Y. HARKABI *Vallentine, Mitchell* £8.50 & £3.95
When Enemies Dare to Talk edited by Simha Flapan *Croom Helm* £7.95
Zionism: False Messiah by NATHAN WEINSTOCK *Ink Links* £11 & £4.95
These are My Brothers by FELICIA LANGER *Ithaca Press* £6.50 & £3

So long as the issue between Israel and the Palestinians remains deadlocked, propaganda on either side can admit nothing but absolutes. For one party to prove that the other does not really exist, in effect to volatilise it, would be a satisfactory victory. Hence Golda Meir's celebrated query about who were the Palestinians; hence too the Palestinian definition of Jews merely as members of a religion, perhaps a sect or a class, but certainly not a nation. But if the opponent will not be magicked away by language, then his physical presence must be shown to have not the least grounding in morality. 'Terrorist' and 'imperialist' call each other aggressor. Where will the human being stand without moral legitimisation? Give an inch on either side, and not a mile but a whole country may be taken. For fear of conceding to committed enemies, expressions in print on the Palestine question serve almost exclusively to reinforce committed friends.

It is therefore of the greatest interest and value to see to what extent Edward Said follows the generality, as well as deviating from it. For Said is not just another lobbyist, but Professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia. Himself a Palestinian originally, he appears several times to be about to argue from his own example, but then does not, leaving as personal statements only that he feels privileged, americanised, and is a member of the National Council of the Palestine Liberation Organisation. In his previous book, *Orientalism,* he argued that Western perceptions of the Orient had not been built upon scholarship, or even intellectual curiosity, indeed had nothing disinterested about them. Knowledge was instead a function of power. Westerners one and all had used the Orient as a proving ground for assumed superiorities, and had therefore found there not people with full lives but mere reductions, the Arab, the Oriental, 'them' not 'us'.

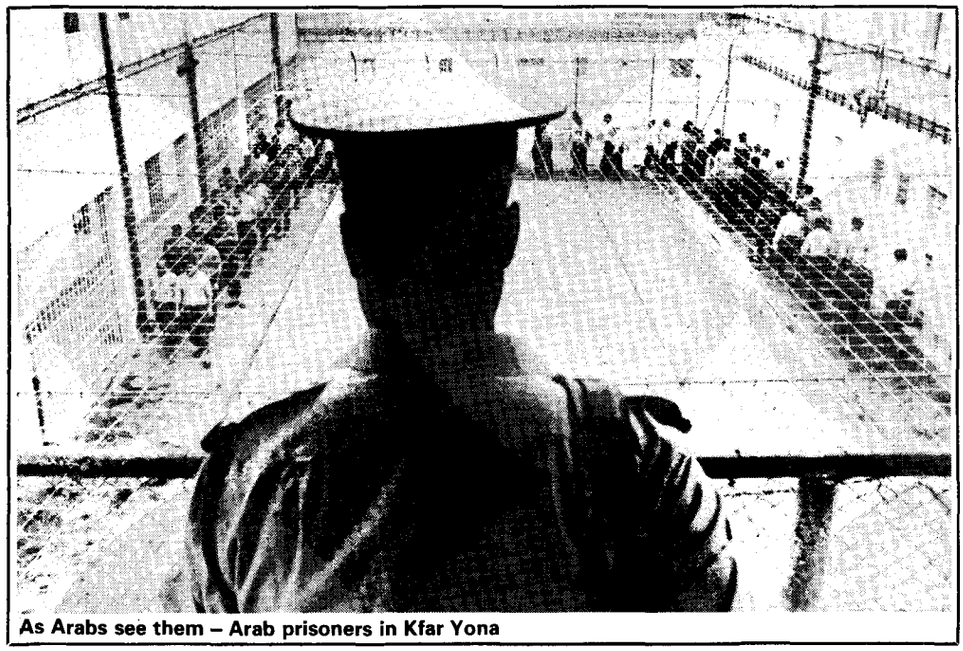
Now in *The Question of Palestine* it is his turn to be reducing the Zionists. Worse than just being 'them', Zionists were 'colonisers useful to the West; all that really mattered were ethnocentric ideals, appropriated by Zionism, valorizing the white man's superiority and his right over territory'. Israel, then, was 'a device for holding Islam – and later the Soviet Union, or communism – at bay'. This is exactly the type of reduction he complains about in Western commentary. Zionists could equally well be depicted on the evidence as disastrous to the West, and their state not an adjunct but a perpetual badge of shame upon European history. The diversity of the origins of Zionists, and the variety of motives impelling them, not least the prime one of wishing to stay alive in a hostile world, mean that 'valorizing the white man's superiority' is a propaganda formula, and nothing but. Nor is conspiracy responsible for people in their thousands, or even hundreds of thousands, making similar choices – who has there ever been so long-sighted as to think up an all-purpose device capable of holding Islam and then communism at bay, while also being powerful enough to put it into practice?

As Israelis see themselves – instructing a West Bank farmer

But inextricably woven into these reductive arguments is a simultaneous skein of contradictory perceptions. The birth of Israel, Said acknowledges, 'which came about as the result of an almost unimaginably complex many-sided struggle and a full-scale war, cannot be easily reduced to simple formulation'. It is right, then, that Israel should not be 'sloppily tarnished with the sweeping rhetorical denunciation associated with "racism" '. There is no parallel between Israel and South Africa. The Palestinians had the extraordinarily bad luck to have a good case 'combined with, in terms of the international and moral scene, the most morally complex of all opponents, Jews, with a long history of victimisation and terror behind them'.

Said closes his book with an analysis of the damage done to the Palestinians by the sponsorship of fundamentally indifferent and cynically self-seeking Arab states, and a declaration that the PLO alone offers the hope of national self-determination. Quite where this leaves Israeli self-determination is confused, and it cannot be held that Said, for all the verve of his prose style, fights his way clear. Still, the admission of this degree of humanity to the other side is something of a breakthrough, and may shift the intransigence of Palestinian intellectuals. Slowly, perhaps, the Israelis will be de-demonised, and here it may be thought a pity that someone of Said's calibre has lent any credence to the quasi-Marxist or deterministic caricature of them so widespread in Palestinian literature. For if the Zionists were really useful tools of the West/capitalism/racism, then the Palestinians have been for many a decade in the grip of a conspiracy and lunacy too terrifying to be contemplated rationally, and indeed this false perception in book after book has engendered a condition of morbidity, of total pessimism. A condition of mania, of total optimism, has been engendered by its evident corollary, that superior force alone will decide the future.

A kind of consensus among Palestinian radicals informs this altogether demoralising



As Arabs see them – Arab prisoners in Kfar Yona

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polarity between optimism and pessimism. According to it, Zionists were not colonisers but colonialists, they had always intended to rope in all imperialists to ruin the Palestinians, and knew so cleverly and deliberately what they were doing that they were exempt from the historical developments governing other people. The essays in Abdul Wahhab Kayyali's book carry titles like 'The Racial Myths of Zionism', 'Zionism: Racism or Liberation?' and 'Zionism as a Racist Ideology'. Palestinians may well justify feeling helpless before such invincible evil. The essays have a more or less obligatory flourish at the end about 'revolutionary confrontation', which is supposed to herald in the new dawn, though quite how, and in what form, is not stated. Originally these essays were papers read in 1976 at a seminar in the university of Baghdad, and have therefore been sponsored by Iraq, a leading light in the 'rejectionist front', or those countries for the time being aligned against Egyptian-Israeli initiatives. The collection's purpose is only to reassure friends of Iraq, which in the context means inviting all parties to grip their guns tighter.

Zureik's *The Palestinians in Israel* aims for a longer view, and much of it usefully resumes sociological work on Palestinians done by Arabs and Israelis. Zionism, Zureik says, was not colonialism in the classical sense. What happened instead was that the Zionists, like the deviant 19th-century nationalists they were, developed their sector of Palestine independently of the Arabs, introducing capitalism and technology and a culture which together built up a European-style society. The very efforts of Zionists to avoid exploiting the Arabs were in fact responsible for segregation of the communities, discrimination, and the out-distancing of the one by the other. Damned if they did, in other words, and damned if they didn't. The rout of 1948 only completed a process of dispossession long since apparent. Instead of emerging like the Zionists with capitalists and a bourgeoisie, the Arabs within Israel have been irresistibly proletarianised into a class of landless peasants – a striking parallel to the argument that the Jewish question had its roots in the distorted economic functions of Jews. Though the Arabs in Israel have not risen in protest, Zureik concludes, they are likely to, because dispossession must politicise them.

The essays which Zureik edited with Khalil Nakhleh extend this analysis to Palestinians outside Israel. Again the optimism-pessimism polarity. Everywhere Palestinians are shown to be discriminated against without hope of normal redress. Only revolution will transform: revolution by intellectuals, by women, by West Bankers. Revolution will dissolve oppression as though it were a pill in water, and bring a homeland, as the PLO advocates. What kind of revolution, social or armed? Practical difficulties are not examined. Hypothesis is assumed to be sufficient proof. A certain amount of academic information, for instance on Palestinian demography, is nonetheless succinctly conveyed.

When Enemies Dare to Talk is the record of a discussion which took place in East Jerusalem in 1978 between a small number of local Palestinians and a rather larger number of Israelis who may be categorised as the sort of intellectuals to whom Edward Said is appealing for a sympathetic hearing. Two generalisations emerged: the Arabs stuck to the PLO line, and the Israelis ceased displaying guilt only at the point when that guilt was returned to them in the form of an invitation to self-destruction. It is that, as it were, geological stratum of guilt which Sadat is prospecting with success in the peace process. By insisting instead on the military solution, the PLO has been out-manoeuvred into its present impasse. When a supporter at this East Jerusalem conference mentioned withdrawal to 1967 borders as a prelude to withdrawal to 1947 borders, he could not fail to drive all the Israelis into the one corner, and unite them in the determination to concede nothing. Professor Harkabi, a former head of Israeli intelligence, was present at this conference, which must have confirmed him in his view that the Arabs say just what they mean, and therefore their bargaining positions have been pre-empted in advance. Harkabi's *The Palestinian Covenant* concludes that the PLO is committed by its charter to wipe out Israel. A statement of intent to Harkabi is co-terminous with a realisable programme, and so he no doubt reassures his friends too.

What West Bankers and Gazans actually think of the PLO, let alone its charter or covenant, is not susceptible of any test, and therefore remains guesswork. Presumably the more successful the PLO were to prove, the more Palestinians would rally to it. But already in 1948, in 1967, in the Jordanian civil war of 1970, and in the Lebanon, the Palestinian masses have left the military solution to look after itself. I once did a straw poll in Baqa'a refugee camp, outside Amman, going up and down the lines of UNRWA housing to ask the inhabitants what solution they wanted, and found that pretty well everybody was prepared to let bygones be bygones and settle for what they could get. In my experience very few Palestinians feel hatred of Israelis, but they lack someone authoritative to legitimate their desire for compromise – in that respect Said falls well short. It might be said that unlike the PLO leadership, the Palestinian masses accept, as people do everywhere, that it is unrealistic to ask to be spared the events of this century, and the consequences of the second world war in particular.

Nathan Weinstock has been influenced by Abram Leon, a Belgian Trotskyist whose views about Jews and the Jewish question derived unchanged from Marx (from whom a relevant extract appears in an appendix). To Marx and Marxists, anti-semitism arose solely on account of the distorted economic position of the Jews, and was therefore a by-product of capitalism which would disappear along with the whole system. It followed that there could be no Jewish nationalist solution, indeed that Jewish nationalism, like other nationalisms, was by definition reactionary. Weinstock's book, which first appeared in French in 1968, is out to show that Zionism has always been an out-and-out nationalist/capitalist aberration. What about those members of the Jewish proletariat who actually went to Palestine, the majority of them as self-confessed socialists? Since the proletariat has to recognise its position in the class struggle, such Jews must have been something else, and are consequently redefined as petty-bourgeois. They were also dupes of British imperialism. Divergent collusions between British imperialists and Zionists, and Zionists and the effendi class, are held to have diverted the Arab masses from

"LUXURY" FLEET

Holger H. Herwig

The Imperial German Navy 1888-1918

At the Spithead review of 1897 the British fleet was described as 'the most powerful and far-reaching weapon which the world has ever seen'. But in that same year Germany announced her intention of creating a battle fleet, which would prove to be second in strength only to that of Great Britain. This was the signal for the naval arms race that followed.

'Luxury' Fleet (the phrase was Winston Churchill's) is the first history of the Imperial German Navy from 1888 to 1918. After tracing the historical background to German naval ambitions, the first two sections of the book analyse Admiral Tirpitz's programme of building a battle fleet. The last section considers the tactical deployment of the German fleet during the First World War, both in home waters and overseas.

£9.95

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anti-colonialism.

It is never clear why Arab nationalism is all right and progressive, but Jewish nationalism all wrong and reactionary. Absolutism leads Weinstock into denying that those escaping the Holocaust should have tried to go anywhere except Western countries (who would not receive them), and into paying oblique compliments to the fascistic Stern gang for their claim to be liberating Arabs along with what Weinstock calls Hebrew Palestinians. The passion to avoid any of the traditional definitions of being Jewish has an over-riding personal intensity in Weinstock, and in others like him, Chomsky or Rodinson or Deutscher, as indeed in Marx himself. The reductions of the Zionist to 'colonialist' and 'racist' and 'class-enemy' begin here, in ground fertile for conspiracy theories. What the Jew is not allowed to be in the Marxist interpretation is the man on the run from those who would kill him precisely because he is a Jew.

The need to take account of Jewish national aspirations was however given in 1948 as the reason for Moscow's support of the creation of Israel. Successive Arab-Israeli wars have reversed that position and thus extended the Israel Communist Party's chain-reaction of splits and factionalism. In the best Stalinist tradition, the Party has proved loyal to Moscow. Its unqualified backing for Arab nationalism, in particular for the PLO as it pursues a military solution, has placed Jewish Party members in the fraught position of having to condone attacks not only on fellow-Jews but on the very state in which they are themselves living. In the aftermath of the 1967 fighting, the PLO had a moment when it could have tried to build the base for a national movement committed to peaceful change, but Moscow chose otherwise, insisting on the military solution alone. Moscow made its line plain by accusing Israel of being 'Hitlerite' and torturing Arabs.

Mrs Felicia Langer is a member of the Party's Central Committee, and a lawyer who has done more than anyone to popularise the reduction of the Israeli to that most vile figure of horror, 'the torturer'. *These are My Brothers* is the second of her collections of cases in which she has defended Palestinian *fedayeen* or activists whom she claims have been tortured in accordance with government policy. I happened to have been researching my own book about the Palestinians when she first started these claims. There was no inherent reason to disbelieve her. I took to attending trials in the military courts. I too visited prisons. Like Mrs Langer, I have been struck by the curiously detached, almost blithe, way that Palestinians, whether or not in the presence of officials, would describe how they had been tortured. I listened to the patient denials of prison doctors and security guards, on occasions with the prisoners there to contradict them. After months of beavering, I heard a West Bank lawyer admit that his clients in the hands of the Israelis asked for torture-claims to be built into their defence, as it seemed to certify a heroic standing. In fact, neither Mrs Langer nor I can prove or disprove tortute; all evidence to date is circumstantial, but Israeli democracy, it can be observed, at least has in it room for someone like Mrs Langer.

What remains is the internal evidence of her book. Except for some Druzes whom she defended, virtually all those whom she claims to have been tortured are members of the Jordanian Communist Party. The majority studied in the USSR or East Germany, and are Party militants. She describes congresses she attended in Bulgaria and the Soviet Union, and notes how arrests on the West Bank drew appeals of protest from '83 political and student organisations in the USSR'. Everything in her book has been stripped down to the blacks and whites of Party requirements. What we are left with finally is an image of the Israeli conspiring in his secret domination of others, reduced, as in *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, to a stereotype of absolute evil whom it would be only right and proper to kill.

Quarto

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Among this week's contributors:

JERRY WHITE works in housing policy for an inner London borough. He is an editor of *History Workshop* and his *Rothschild Buildings: Life in an East End Tenement Block 1887–1920* will be published this year by Routledge.

DAVID PRYCE-JONES's *The Face of Defeat* (1972) describes Palestinians on both sides of the Jordan. He has just completed a book on the German occupation of Paris.

CHARLES LEWSEN has been a member of the BBC Radio Drama Script Unit. His own solo performances have celebrated the Music Hall, Borges and Edward Lear, whose Nonsense he is co-editing for Oxford.

NEIL JORDAN is the author of *Night in Tunisia and Other Stories* which won the *Guardian* fiction award for 1979.

Nicholas Shrimpton

Flight from Death

Old Soldiers by PAUL BAILEY *Cape* £4.95
Solo Faces by JAMES SALTER *Collins* £5.50
The Bluest Eye by TONI MORRISON *Chatto* £4.95
Devotion by BOTHO STRAUSS *Chatto* £5.50

Literary criticism at its most robust is demonstrated, by a character in Paul Bailey's new novel, in the unlikely setting of Speakers' Corner. 'What do you think of T. S. Eliot?' cries a voice from the crowd. 'Not for nothing, my friend,' replies Julian Borrow from his aesthetic soap box, 'is his name an anagram of "toilets". Need I say more?'

Such bludgeoning argument *ad nominem* is of little use to the critic of *Old Soldiers*, a book of delicate and elusive design which conceals its central interest for more than half its length. One does need to say more, a great deal more, if the cunning processes of distillation here at work are to be properly saluted.

Bailey's hero, Victor Harker, is a recently widowed former bank-manager who returns to his native London after 50 years away. He does not like the city, but he cannot bear the memories of his wife which their home now forces on him. So, in his brisk old-soldierly way, he marches out of King's Cross Station to seek distraction and repose.

Such a scenario combines madness with a faint hint of the grotesque, and the latter element is powerfully reinforced by Harker's first metropolitan encounter. Gazing up into the dome of St Paul's, he is approached by a free-lance tourist guide called Harold Standish. Harker realises immediately that Standish is a fraud. But he is alone in London and the two men share some memories of the first world war. They agree to meet for dinner.

What Harker cannot realise is the bizarre extent of Standish's fraudulence. He is not, in the traditional sense, a con-man. But he does rotate three distinct personalities, changing his clothes and dentures in the lavatories of London's railway terminals. For a few days at a time he will be Captain Standish and live in an old flame's guest house near Victoria Station. Then he will transform himself into Tommy, a pious tramp much cherished by the female superintendent of an East End mission hall. Finally he will don sandals and purple fedora to become Julian Borrow, an unpublished poet with a room in Islington and a stand at Hyde Park Corner. Set against the conventional dignity of Vincent Harker, this exotic creation offers a rich and obvious vein of eccentric humour.

For its first three chapters *Old Soldiers* seems precisely that, a polished comic automation fuelled by Spirit of Ealing and Essence of Pickwick. Only slowly does it become clear that this is actually something quite different. Beneath his jocular surface Paul Bailey is offering a meditation upon mortality and he conducts it, discreetly but appropriately, in a setting of tombs. Harker's wanderings are not random. He visits his parents' grave, in what I

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take to be Tower Hamlets Cemetery, and then tours Wren's City churches. His reconciliation with his wife's death, in other words, is achieved by the sustained contemplation of a series of funeral monuments. Standish's frantic progress from one personality to another is equally deliberate. He is in flight from death, as he has been ever since a moment of military panic in 1916, and seeks to evade in one identity what might at any time seize him in another.

I was not entirely persuaded by Paul Bailey's literal explanation of how Standish's protean obsession began. But in other respects this is a marvellously skilful book, deftly constructed and full of incidental delights. You shouldn't miss it if you enjoy broad jokes, good food (there's a splendid restaurant scene), walking in London or military reminiscences. Since I like all four of those things I was, inevitably, captivated.

Solo Faces is about vertigo, an experience which is never likely to feature in a list of my personal pleasures. It's a tribute to James Salter's writing, therefore, that I found the novel as engaging as I did. The hero, who seems to have been created with Clint Eastwood in mind, is a strong, silent mountaineer as craggy as the peaks he climbs. 'If you look like that, you don't have to speak' mutter the shopgirls in Chamonix. Since Vernon Rand is barely monoglot this is just as well. What he can do fluently is conquer rock faces, and he moves from California to the Grandes Jorasses to extend his repertoire.

Mountains in the last two hundred years have dwindled from sublimity to spectacle, and from spectacle to sport. *Solo Faces*, for all its moments of melodrama, is a gripping account of their fascination in this last and most contemporary respect. It is a little long. But once it's got its crampons into you it doesn't let go. The fact that it's written in the tense and gutsy manner of a good piece of sports reporting has, I think, quite a lot to do with it.

Toni Morrison's first novel, *The Bluest Eye*, is very different. Here the subject is a matter of substantial social concern but the style has a faint odour of the Creative Writing class about it.

The heroines are young black girls living in an Ohio steel town in the early 1940s. All of them long to grow up beautiful. One of them longs, self-destructively, for the specifically Caucasian beauty celebrated by Hollywood. The observation is sharp, the points about blackness and womanhood persuasively made. Unfortunately the book's literary procedures are all echoes of other writers, especially Faulkner. Toni Morrison has published two novels in America since *The Bluest Eye*. It would be good to see something more recent and more individual.

Botho Strauss has attempted to make original fiction out of the world's least individual subject, unrequited love. Richard Schroubeck is a young Berliner who responds to his girlfriend's departure by withdrawing into his apartment and writing a journal of his sorrows. *Devotion* is supposedly the text which results. Some of the digressions are striking and there is one good moment of irony. But it's hard not to feel that the girlfriend knows exactly what she's doing when, on the penultimate page, she leaves the manuscript, unopened, in a taxi.

History Workshop 3:

Beyond Autobiography

JERRY WHITE describes a different approach to local history

KEN WORPOLE'S PAPER on the political implications of local working-class history is a passionate defence of the development in community-based local history over the last 10 years; and rightly so, for there's much to admire in this radical departure from the traditional antiquarian concerns of almost all local history written before it. The major unanswered question, though – taken for granted, I think, in Ken's paper – is *what sort* of local working-class history should we be producing? The response, for all of us here, must be a *socialist* local history. But what do we mean by this?

There are many areas of socialist history which can bear on people's life experiences in a direct way – political history and the history of the labour movement, social history in all its many recent varieties – but none so completely as the history of a locality and its people. For it is within the totality of local experience that historical consciousness for most of us is actually made.

Consciousness of the past is a living experience at the local level in a way that it rarely is in any other sphere. This recognition, this way in which we construct our consciousness of what we see around us by comparing it with what we used to see, is generally a *superficial* process. We see what *is* around us and we remember what *was*. It is a superficial consciousness because we do not know how or why the change has come about if, as usual, we ourselves have not been the agency of that change. It is superficial, too, because it appears that change began from what we knew: what we remember becomes the starting point, rather than itself the result of prior change. Our everyday experience at the local level gives us a consciousness of history which is placed within the continual movement of which we are part. In my view, the dominant tendencies within the production of people's history by the 'new local oral history movement' do little to break through this superficial historical consciousness: indeed, often they reinforce it.

The assumption underpinning virtually all of this work is that for working people to speak for themselves, about their own history, is somehow a political act in itself, inherently socialist. It is seen as a way of making people conscious of their past, and so it is up to a point. But the dominant mode of production of this sort of history does not set out to change that consciousness of the past which we all make for ourselves anyway: it states, through memory and anecdote, it does not try to analyse. And because it is locked in an autobiographical mode – with absolute and inviolable primacy given to what people say about themselves – it does little, if anything, to capture those levels and layers of reality outside of individual experience. But individual experience can tell us little about the forces which shape our lives – make us what we are and where we live what it is. There is a huge reality outside the boundaries of individual consciousness. It is the *critical understanding* of that reality, of the relations of capitalist society and our historical place within them, which must be the object of an actively socialist local history.

This critical consciousness of capitalism is

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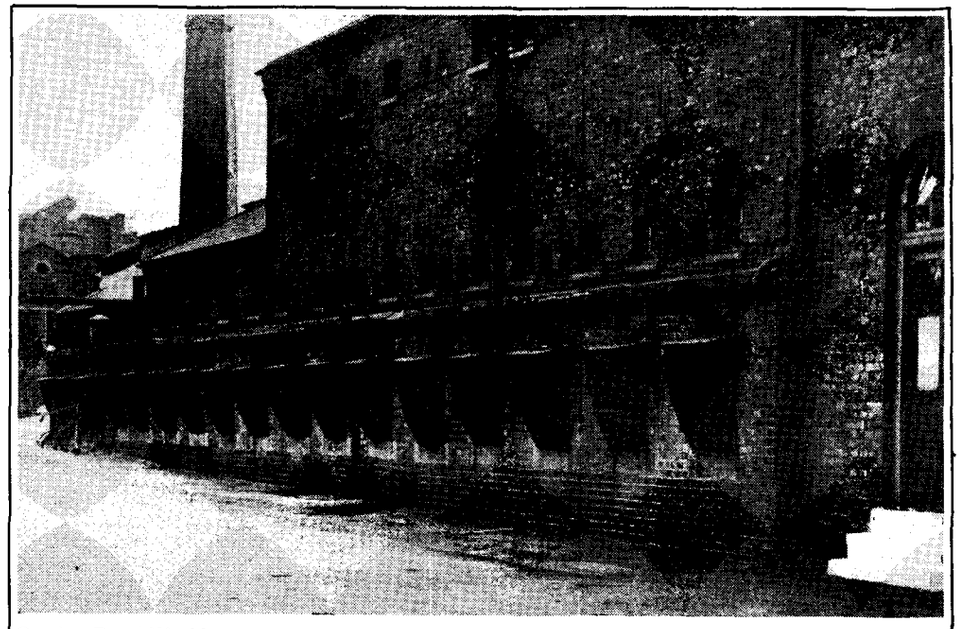
missing from the new local history (as it is from much local and political life). It is not that people's reminiscences are necessarily quietist or uncritical: indeed, many of them are fired by a fine anger. But this is criticism without understanding; it lapses into mere sloganising. Without a socialist understanding, criticism is always in danger of latching on to any apparent 'explanation' that happens along: 'colour not class', as Ken says, or (and just as much) 'the council', 'the government', 'the unions' and whoever and whatever people currently blame for getting us where we are now.

At its worst, and few local oral history publications are free from this, autobiography can reinforce capitalist values so that the whole tone (notwithstanding the angry bits) is politically bland and negative and unprovocative. They give us moving insights which enrich the brotherhood of man and boost the self-confidence of working people, but it all appears to take place in a social vacuum. I'll give just one example here. Work is treated very much as if it were a thing complete in itself, instead of being one part of a social relationship: we do it because we do it. The dignity of labour, stressed by many of the local oral histories which focus on work, disguises what work is for – who owns what we produce, where profits come from, why we are deprived of work, how new jobs are made, the social consequences of the things we do, and so on. We should thus be made to question the function of what, after all, amounts to nearly half the product of our waking lives: unthinking pride in a job well done is just what the capitalist ordered.

We need a socialist local history which maintains the immediacy and sympathy of autobiography (working people speaking directly to one another) *and* which leads to a critical re-evaluation, a fresh understanding of our place in capitalist relations in a sphere which is in fact relevant to us all – the places and people we see around us. Capitalism and its critique must be brought up front. How?



Gordon Road Workhouse

THERE ARE NO easy answers at all. Indeed, what is needed is more *hard* thinking and work at the local level. One task, certainly, is to raid the academic historians' treasure trove and take back what they've appropriated for their own narrow ends. We should use all the information we can get our hands on, not just the spoken word, and turn it to our own account. We should fight against a social division of labour which leaves books and papers to the intellectuals and leaves us, like noble savages, with just an oral tradition.

A second task is to develop new ways of seeing, looking for the hidden realities and relationships which underpin what we see around us. For example, seeing population changes (the growth of a town, immigration from country districts or the colonies, the moving away of the young) in terms of the needs of capital and the amassing of a labour force in response to those needs. Seeing school in terms of the purpose it serves in the relations between classes, the values it transmits and its role of educating for industrial requirements; and in terms of the contradictions inherent in the ideals of education and their practical reality in school and labour process. Seeing housing, for example, not as a *thing* again, but as the product of a social relationship between classes and fractions within classes, in terms of the needs of factory owners and the needs of their workers, the profits of builders, rents of landlords, and the standard of living of tenants; the ideology of owner-occupation; the struggle between classes within which housing is one issue, as it takes place in street and council chamber. Looking at poverty in relative rather than absolute terms to destroy the illusion held by many that poverty doesn't exist any more.

Lastly, a whole new area of tasks must be taken up too. That is the relationship of the local with the world outside – the non-local aspects of local history. The locality is impinged on by its social environment at every level. The links stretch not only across borough boundaries, but beyond cities and even countries, and they affect directly, but often in subterranean ways, individual life experiences. We must help develop a wider consciousness than the local alone can provide – we live in a national and international capitalist society; we belong to a national and international working class. (Contrary to all appearances, Hoxton really doesn't end at Old Street.)

None of this asks for a reversal of anything that has been achieved within local oral history over the past 10 years. Indeed, the achievements form the only foundation on which this new work can be built. The life histories of working people, in their own words, will remain the basis of production of a socialist local history, but in a way which enables the meaning of those lives, and our own, to be seen in a new way.

There are many benefits of collective work in the sort of enterprise I'm advocating, apart from those which are already experienced by local groups and which are elaborated by Ken. The new type of local history will, by its ambitious scope and size, actually need more people to share the work and ideas: working in libraries on newspapers, MOH reports, poor law and school records; finding and

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interviewing people and transcribing tapes and so on. In any group, some people are happiest when using their talents in certain ways; and this extended project, not confining itself to either interviewing or reading and note-taking, allows group members to find their own niche and still play a full part. One way ahead might be to form a Federation of History Workshops & Socialist Historians to enable groups and individuals to share experience and concerns. This could be a step towards producing a new oppositional history operating on many levels, with the local being given pride of place. The task is politically urgent. We don't need to search for evidence that history (the way we understand our past) is a class weapon.

IN THE WEEKS running up to the Workshop (and after writing the paper) I was struck by some passages in Peter Townsend's magnificent *Poverty in the United Kingdom* (1979); they sharpened for me the view I'd held for some time that one of the dangers in the oral history/autobiography project is not so much the romanticisation of the past, but the romanticisation of the *present*. History (and not only history from above) can be used and *is* used to legitimate class oppression now. For example, Townsend shows (pp239, 429-30) that some of today's poor deny the existence of poverty, and use the past as their direct reference point; this is just one of the internalised legitimations behind the confusion felt by large numbers of the poor about their situation.

> Although many of the poor recognise they are relatively deprived, these feelings are largely sealed off from more general or abstract perceptions of society. Some of the poor have come to conclude that poverty does not exist. Many of those who recognise that it exists have come to conclude that it is individually caused, attributed to a mixture of ill-luck, indolence and mismanagement, and is not a collective condition determined principally by institutionalised forces, particularly government and industry. In this they share the perceptions of the better-off. Divided, they blame individual behaviour and motivation and unwittingly lend support to the existing institutional order.

In the light of feelings like this I would argue for the right to take issue with and confront the way people understand their own oppressions; to be more heavily consciousness-raising than the autobiographical mode *usually* allows for; to be more concerned with the uses of local history, rather than its production.

SO WHAT'S THE way ahead? I'm not arguing for a new self-referring orthodoxy, rather for a variety of voices. I don't want to take up a position at one end of a polarity of 'people speaking for themselves/academicist interference'. I want not an either – or, but a new synthesis.

In exploring the space around individual experience (and locating it within class relations and the capitalist economy) we are able to see that individual experience in a new light. We enter the tensions between individual consciousness/other levels of reality: people making their own lives/having their lives shaped for them, which were at the very core of the Ruskin Workshop. A People's History which focuses on only one side of these tensions will be incomplete by itself.

Denys Blakeway

Nuclear Football

The Nuclear Question: The United States and Nuclear Weapons 1946-76 by MICHAEL MANDELBAUM *Cambridge* £12.50
Nuclear Nightmares: An Investigation into Possible Wars by NIGEL CALDER *BBC* £6.95
Beneath the City Streets by PETER LAURIE *Panther* £1.95

Like so many before him, Michael Mandelbaum has been seduced by the youth and vigour of the Kennedy administration.

> Kennedy and his men formed an administration of football players – touch football to be sure, not the grinding violent combat of the college and professional athletes, but football all the same – in energetic contrast with the stolid golfer . . . who sat at the White House for most of the 1950s.

Maybe they were amateurs, Mandelbaum asserts, but they were keen amateurs: 'Kennedy and his associates had a taste for constitution making. They eagerly turned their attention to the exploration of all ramifications of nuclear weapons.' They were like children playing with fire, '. . . inclined by temperament to probe as deeply as possible into the workings of the nuclear age'. Fortunately they only singed their fingers.

The fact that Kennedy sought to experiment with fundamentally offensive weapons for purposes other than deterrence made his policies warlike from the start. Elected on a phoney 'missiles gap' ticket he proceeded with a massive arms build up disregarding, as Mandelbaum relates, the true satellite information of a distinct US advantage. The growth of the American nuclear arsenal demanded the development of new strategic policies able to cope with so many weapons.

Kennedy and McNamara announced two new 'doctrines': the 'graded response' and the 'flexible response' which brought the tactical nuclear weapon to the battlefield and which still threaten to engulf the world in war should a minor skirmish occur in Europe. They also introduced 'counterforce'; a strategy, again made possible by the growth of nuclear stockpiles, which called for the destruction of military rather than civilian targets (though civilian deaths would not be significantly diminished). 'Counterforce' infuriated both allies and potential enemies. It rendered British and French strategies obsolete at one blow and gave the appearance of first-strike capability against the USSR. The immediate consequence was a massive Russian arms build-up and the start of an arms race which has led to the giant arsenals of the superpowers today. Such warlike policies were accompanied by a nation-wide civil defence programme (cancelled when it became apparent that it was impossible to try and protect the population from H-bombs), the deployment of anti-ballistic missiles (although useless in practice they make avowed policies of deterrence much less credible) and the use of the nuclear threat to achieve political ends in Berlin and Cuba.

It is Kennedy's determination over Cuba that is most often admired and held as an example of his capacity to out-manoeuvre the wily Khrushchev. We learn from Mandelbaum, however, that the exercise of brinkmanship not only taught Kennedy the need for better diplomatic communications but returned him to the more cautious path of deterrence initiated by the Eisenhower administration. The Cuba crisis showed that the massive destructive force of nuclear weapons made their application in world politics not, as Kennedy desired, a motivation for action, but a limitation both of the policies carried out and of the ends sought. Cuba was a cosmetic crisis: the missiles placed there represented no new physical threat to the USA (clearly, it makes no practical difference where a missile is sent from). The crisis was

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prompted by loss of prestige, both for the President and for the USA. There was no question that such a loss necessitated the use of so great and imprudent a threat. It appears that Kennedy appreciated this after the crisis. Negotiations, at last more fruitful, were begun for the Test-Ban Treaty which, in turn, led to SALT. The path to detente was cleared but only after much wild hacking-about.

'The next thirteen years were . . . a series of footnotes to the Kennedy administration' and so is Mandelbaum's description of them. His interest in Kennedy dominates all else in the book which is, quite clearly, mistitled. There is no analysis of the effects of Vietnam on US policy, little if any of the Israeli/Egypt conflict, a derisory reference or two to Nixon and his henchman, and nothing of the results of the change from Khrushchev to Brezhnev. There is, however, much of interest in the book. The explanation of the overthrow of strategic axioms by the arrival of nuclear weapons is fascinating, as is the concept of 'friction' – the author's metaphor for the pressures on politicians to initiate strategies in excess of that which is strictly practical. In many ways this is used to exculpate Kennedy of the grosser excesses of his administration: in particular, the massive arms build-up resulting from the so-called 'missiles gap' and the 'counterforce' policy. But he remains guilty. Counterforce demands an arms build-up whatever the political pressures. And did not Eisenhower suffer from the same 'friction'? Kistiakowsky, his scientific adviser, has related how political pressures rather than scientific advice forced Eisenhower into the very same onerous position that Mandelbaum attributes to Kennedy.

The effects of the nuclear policies of the Kennedy administration, and the possible developments of strategy in the future make sobering reading. Nigel Calder's *Nuclear Nightmares* is indeed an apt reflection on such doctrines as 'counterforce'. It is an excellent book; stark, almost despairing in its clear and concise explanations of the strategies operated by those countries who use, and seek to use, nuclear weaponry. Nigel Calder has four nightmares: the escalation of a small conflict in Europe, the impossibility of devising perfect systems of command, the dangers which arise once strategic systems are capable of destroying each other, and the frightening but inevitable prospect of the spread of these weapons. He is a reluctant pessimist with whose vision of the future it is, sadly, difficult to disagree.

Peter Lauries's *Beneath the City Streets*, refurbished with a *Sunday Times* magazine article and updated information, has been reissued. Much is already known about this book: its revelations of the preparations that exist for nuclear war and civil disturbance, the complex systems of communication and shelter which will operate for the privileged few (mainly civil servants) who have deemed themselves worthy of survival. We are given valuable insights into a strange world, and Peter Laurie must be admired for his painstaking investigations and deductions. Much of the book is devoted, however, to the theory that a nuclear attack on Britain would not be as harmful as is commonly feared. This is dangerous rubbish. Indeed, Laurie sometimes goes so far that he seems either to be mad or joking, or both. Talking of a serious nuclear attack on Britain, he lists its benefits:

> (i) it would demolish most of Britain's slum houses; (ii) it would reduce the population to 35 million, a level which some people would feel would be quite comfortable for these islands; (iii) by the end of the recovery period the ratio of population to some fixed assets might be *higher* than it had been before the attack – the survivors would be better off; (iv) it would decentralise government; and (v) it would solve the balance of payments problem.

The precarious peace we have enjoyed since 1946 has probably been achieved by quite the opposite conception: that nuclear war, should it occur, would have effects so catastrophic that it would destroy the very identity of this nation. By seeking to change our nightmares into dreams Peter Laurie has brought the devastation we all fear a little bit closer to reality.

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QED

Disturbing the Universe by FREEMAN DYSON
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Freeman Dyson is a Princeton mathematical physicist who has made several major contributions to physics, in particular to a fundamental theory known disarmingly as QED. However, at various times in his life he has been involved in much more practical matters: strategic bombing, nuclear reactor design, atomic weapons development, the exploration of space, arms control, and genetic engineering. Much of *Disturbing the Universe* is taken up with highly intelligent general discussions of these subjects. He writes throughout with great clarity and honesty, and his arguments are acute and interesting even where they fail to convince. In addition, Dyson has a deep and unexpected love of poetry, which he uses effectively to illuminate almost everything he discusses. The book is cast in the form of a reticent and elliptical autobiography. Although he provides good portraits of some of his colleagues, such as Oppenheimer and Teller, surprisingly little emerges about the character of the author.

One cannot help noticing that much of the book is about bombs. From Bomber Command to the Livermore weapons laboratory, from bomb-powered rocketships to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, Dyson doesn't seem to escape for long. When he visits Santa Barbara, someone bombs the faculty club, and when he supervises a course at Princeton, one of the undergraduates writes a notorious paper on do-it-yourself nuclear weapons. It's not that he likes or approves of bombs, it's just that they are the most blatant and horrible of all the side-effects of technological progress, and that is the central theme of this book. Dyson seems to accept that people will go on developing atrocious inventions, deliberately or inadvertently, in all areas of science, but at the same time he is anguished at this idea. There are no easy answers, and the rejection of all technology is unrealistic. In the field of arms control, Dyson proposes the basic formula 'defence good, offence bad', but this won't really do. On the subject of genetic engineering, Dyson (unduly pessimistic) conjures up the spectacle of the Island of Doctor Moreau, but finds himself unable to vote against the continuation of such research. Indeed, he believes that some long-term solutions to our problems will come from 'green technology' as opposed to 'grey technology', and genetic engineering will surely be necessary for the development of green technology as he envisages it.

Dyson has two heroes from the period of the 1960s, both of them scientists who succeeded in making the world a slightly safer place. The physicist Theodore Taylor started out as a bomb designer, but eventually became so alarmed at the carelessness with which nuclear material was being handled in the US that he published an exposé on the subject, which had some effect in causing the tightening of nuclear safeguards. It's a bit harder to steal plutonium now than it was ten years ago. Now Taylor works on solar energy. However, it is significant that Taylor was an insider, and one might argue that his early work on nuclear weapons cancelled out the virtue of any of his subsequent actions.

The other hero is a biologist, Matthew Meselson, who was largely responsible for causing the US (and consequently other countries) to renounce biological warfare. He also worked extensively against the use of chemical warfare during the Vietnam war. Dyson suggests that he was able to do all this in his spare time, while running a successful research lab at Harvard, but this is a distortion: Meselson spent a large amount of time in Washington, and he was assisted by an effective lobby organisation. Influencing politicians and generals is not a spare-time occupation. Another depressing aspect of this story is that Meselson succeeded not by appealing to moral or social principles, but by using military arguments. It was easy to demonstrate that biological warfare made no military sense. It is far harder to extend this argument to other areas of arms control.

About a quarter of *Disturbing the Universe* is devoted to speculations about the far future. Freeman Dyson writes that he became obsessed with the future in his schooldays, as a reaction against the medieval atmosphere of Winchester College. His name has become associated with something called a Dyson sphere: a really advanced technological civilisation should be able to construct a vast spherical shell to trap all sunlight from its home star. Nobody in this bit of the galaxy seems to have built a Dyson sphere, but that doesn't stop him from speculating about even more ambitious civilisations, who would control whole galaxies. Where does it end? Dyson doesn't know. However, he does believe that the universe has a meaning, invoking a sophisticated version of the 'argument from design'. We inhabit a relatively stable universe, and the odds against this stability are unimaginably large, from a cosmological point of view: therefore it's no accident. The argument is flawed, but it is touching to find such a hard-headed scientist putting his faith in it. Einstein would have approved.

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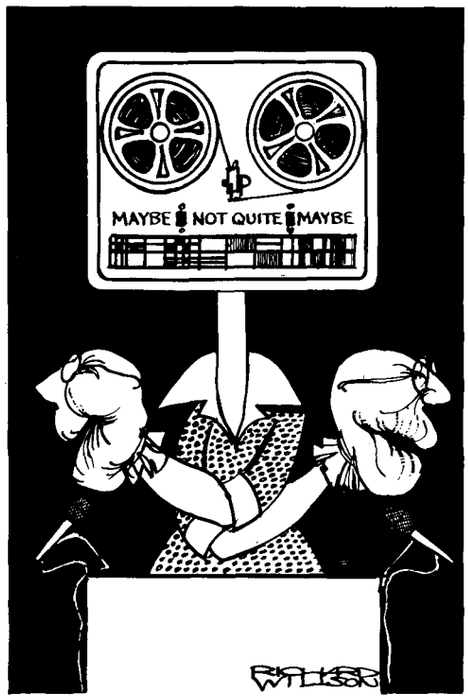
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Neither — Norism

ANNE KARPF examines the conventional formula of RADIO documentaries



The current affairs radio documentary, as practised by Radio 4, minces together opinion hardly more diverse than gradations of pertness among starlets, and expects to produce perfect truth, or thereabouts. Yet it does nothing of the kind. For the current affairs documentary must rank among the most sterile modes in use today. It is also a fine example of what Roland Barthes calls Neither-Norism. This consists of stating two opposites and balancing the one by the other so as to reject them both. Barthes sees it as the apogee of liberalism, reducing reality to two opposites which balance each other, relieved of all their specific weight, and ultimately immobilising life.

I can find no more perfect exponent of Neither-Norism than *Analysis*, Radio 4's major current affairs documentary series. The programme, which has been running since 1970, and has 26 editions a year, is the flagship of radio current affairs, the *Panorama* of Radio 4. It sets the style and standard for all other topical documentaries and, although it gleans only a small audience (50,000-150,000 on Wednesday evenings, 100,000-250,000 on its Thursday morning repeat), they are listeners who read the 'quality dailies', and periodicals like this, and follow Radio 4's general audience profile, i.e. are largely middle-class.

What they are getting is a programme so formularistic as to be almost ritualised. Led by the high-priestess of smart-alecry, Mary Goldring, the format offers a succession of experts on tape mediated by the studio presenter, in the form of an illustrated essay, complete with verbal exclamation-marks. Seemingly irreverent probing – 'tough questioning' – conceals the fundamentally consensual approach. Goldring has personalised the genre considerably: classy facetiousness and jaunty didacticism are her trademarks. Reproved by critics for her schoolmistressy timbre, she wags her voice, if not her finger, as she lectures us on economics in sentences beginning invariably with a homiletic 'you see'.

Yet it is not the idiosyncratic performance which is reprehensible: it is the whole ideology of the programme and genre. As Stuart Hall has pointed out, unwitting bias can be discerned by mapping out the areas in broadcasting of consensus (where there is mutual agreement about the terms in which the topic is to be treated), of toleration, and the areas of dis-sensus or conflict.

An example of this is the *Analysis* which started off the year on world economic problems. In a 45-minute documentary which posed the menacing spectre of a world banking crisis and vast global unemployment, the word 'capitalism' was not mentioned once. Instead, Goldring juggled the two old balls of monetarism and incomes policy. Milton Friedman and a social democrat represented the parameters of opinion, and the whole programme moved within the narrow framework of economic growth and party politics, save for the merest nod in the direction of income distribution or political questions. It was tinkering on a grand scale. (And economics, as usual, was if not mystified then reified, as solid and enduring as Broadcasting House itself, given out there, and not constructed by human beings.)

A similarly constricting programme was last year's *What Kind of Health Service Do We Want?*, a special 75-minute programme to discuss issues raised by the Royal Commission on the NHS. Here was a fine opportunity to interrogate long-term health issues, and go beyond the media's usual heart-swop euphoria and hebdomadal reporting of picketing ancillary workers. They desisted. With supreme indifference to the social production of ill-health, illness continued to be talked of as something which strikes an individual (rather than a member of a social class), out of thin air like pigeon droppings. Presenter Leslie Smith focused on money questions: how should the system be financed? (not, what kind of system should it be?). Questions about social class and illness, cure versus care, and prevention – the leading issues in the health debate – were ignored, or crept in as afterthoughts.

In both these programmes, the areas of consensus were structural questions: what was up for debate – and for possible conflict – was a narrow range of economic options, not the political basics. And where basic questions are asked, they are usually treated from some unspoken area of agreement, the 'some people might say' area. This is the BBC's vaunted devil's advocate approach to interviewing, yet it doesn't extend to status quo views: Henry Kissinger has gone unchallenged on Nixon and détente in two recent programmes.

Consistently, *Analysis* and other current affairs documentaries have reflected a Westminster definition of issues – each one capable of acquiring a Labour or Tory hue. Therefore questions which fall beyond or outside this net do not swim into Broadcasting House. But *Analysis* should be barracked not just for its content, but also for its very form, which succeeds in framing all issues similarly, and reducing them all to the same bland, homologous intellectual stew. At its most basic, this format sees to it that interviewees, especially of the non-expert variety, never address the listener unmediated. The presenter is always there to arbitrate between competing views, to mesh conflict into a compelling, sequential whole.

(With touching ingenuousness, George Fischer, Head of Talks and Documentaries, Radio, suggests that the joy of the presenter-dominated documentary is that 'you have total control over material'. Which perfectly bears out Hans Magnus Enzensberger's claim that 'there is no such thing as unmanipulated . . . broadcasting. The question is therefore not whether the media are unmanipulated, but who manipulates them'.)

So Mary Goldring's programme *Who's Afraid of an American Recession?* last year offered a plethora of different explanations for America's economic problems – the decline of the work ethic, oil prices, overconsumption, the money supply, tight mortgages, poor plant – reconciled into a 'nobody-really-knows' conclusion, and suggesting that American 'commonsense' will triumph.

Unsurprisingly, George Fischer defends *Analysis* against charges that, for all its turgid economic detail, it is superficial. 'It has a precise brief, to examine national and international issues. They have to strike a balance between identifying issues before they strike public attention, and also not going beyond public preoccupation.' But, since the media largely define which issues become public preoccupation, isn't he simply arguing circularly that only those questions they've already asked are there to be asked?

He also subscribes to the hoary old myth about producers not being allowed to editorialise, though he allows that presenters should and do, providing they take a devil's advocate line, and substantiate their view by talking to 'five or six people whose views really matter'. But what masquerades as individual opinion is really a method: a consistent separating out and fragmenting of issues, such as the political and the economic. A breathtaking recent example was John Ardagh's commentary for *Analysis* on *France: Two Cheers for Prosperity*:

> They (little groups of political activists, notably Communists) seek to infiltrate and politicise things that should be apolitical, such as running a crêche. The French still have this reflex of dragging politics into almost any public activity, thus setting up factions. Most ordinary citizens deplore this trait.

A more insidious programme was the recent *Boundaries of Success*, supposedly probing behind Germany's economic miracle. Yet, homing in on Ospolitik as the major political issue, it ignored domestic politics altogether, aside from a short passage on immigrant workers, and the most cursory

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reference to the Berufsverbot, and even suggested it was a 'society without politics'.

A few years ago there was a fine series on environmental issues, *This Island Now*. Last year, there was an unusually 'committed' (ie overtly rather than covertly editorialising) two-part documentary on drug companies and the third world, *In Sickness and In Wealth*. The current affairs series, *File on 4*, from Manchester has consistently sought out unusual ways into political issues.

And then, of course, there is the other strand in documentary programmes, the 'aesthetic' documentary or feature, which frequently eschews presenters, and creatively shapes pure actuality recording. This is the tradition which flourished under the Features Department, and blossomed anew in the hands of Charles Parker, maker of radio ballads, and Michael Mason. Current affairs has much to learn from it.

Two other pre-figurative series dissipate radio pessimism. Paddy Scannel has uncovered a remarkable set of programmes on housing and unemployment made in the 1930s. The first, produced by Felix Greene, exploded through the testimony of experts into the feelings and thoughts of the unemployed themselves. Later programmes split into political subjects and social ones (an enduring split, as we've seen), but then they still cohered. Equally potent were Archie Harding's documentaries of the Thirties, which, says Scannel, 'gave a positive image of the working-classes, unlike most documentaries which appropriate images of the working-class, re-process them, and feed them back'.

In 1980 the Local Radio Workshop, an independent group which provides resources for pressure groups to make their own programmes, is trying to do something similar. Programmes made with their help (which no London local radio station will agree to broadcast) on issues like nuclear power, the sale of council houses, and peri-natal mortality, are not made for passive consumers but for active participants. For Barthes, Neither-Norism is an immobilising force. And Enzensberger suggests that the suppressed factor of electronic media is their mobilising power. Will Radio 4 ever mobilise us?

David Sweetman

Say It With Flowers

Correctly placed, five tulips will
swell and narrow from stem to flower
echoing their own unopened heads.

So far tight-lipped and secretive
they suddenly spread into green flame
and Ottoman courtiers dance upon the pyre.

It cannot last, a green back bends in prayer,
red trumpets try to sound the sultan to
his mosque
but they're a dying breed whose empire
falls silent –

the green tongues hang, the petals curl
into a caricature of hate finally liver-lipped
like Streicher, a mirror to his own
imagined Jew.

And yet we bear them home like torches.

Radio – 2

Charles Lewsen

Shadows

Released from Auschwitz, on the long journey home to Italy, Primo Levi was advised by a comrade that in war you must think of two things: first shoes, then food – 'If you've got shoes, you can search for food; but if your feet betray you, you're lost.'

'But the war's over', protested the young Levi, to be told, 'There is always war.' And at home, safe and warm, he was to find that 'a dream full of horror will not leave me. I hear in my sleep the dawn command of Auschwitz, "Get up – Wstawach!" '

Last Saturday, in Part I of Michael Foss's adaptation of Levi's autobiography, Kenneth Cranham's urgent, youthful tones launched us on the journey through 'the shattered winterscape'. At 4 pm this Saturday (1 March, Radio 4) comes the second part, *The Hard Way Home*. 'I found a liberating joy in telling my story', says Levi, and his joy makes the way remarkably light. Delivered from Auschwitz with its implacable rule. 'First eat your bread, then steal your neighbour's!', Levi learned to respect his own and others' unmalicious will to survive, rejoicing equally in fiery goulash, morning light, and a tattooed Jewish poacher's desire to bring the earth back to life through good husbandry. He learned not to despair when he later searched German faces for signs of their complicity in Auschwitz. The producer of this invigorating work is Maurice Leitch, whose own play, *A Little Bit of Heaven*, with Ian Hendry expressing an Irish prodigal's anguish through exquisitely graded guffaws of bronchial joviality, was another notable portrait of survival.

The German bookseller turned actor, Wolfgang Borchert, made his way home from the Russian front at the same time as Levi made his journey. He travelled a similar wasteland, also to nightmare. But there was no liberating joy for Borchert, who wrote for two years in fevered anguish, till death claimed him in 1947.

On Saturday evening, 1 March (Radio 3 7.40 p.m.), his play *The Man Outside* comes, by courtesy of Hungarian Radio, converted into an opera by Sandor Balassa, with a libretto by Geza Forda. In the malarial fever that he brought back from Siberia, together with guilt for being part of Germany's destroying army – guilt too, perhaps, for being too young for the authorities to kill him when he protested – Borchert conceived 'a play no theatre will produce and no public will see', in which a man ordered to serve in an army of destruction is forgotten by his wife, rejected by those on whose orders he acted, and brought face to face with the God 'in whom no one believes any more', a broken God who wanders through streets where human bodies lie as thick as flies, weeping because Death has usurped him, and because he cannot mend what Death and men have destroyed. This poor snivelling Deity cannot explain why he stood by when Beckmann's one-year-old son was torn to pieces by a screaming bomb, and the man tells him, 'Go away, old man; you're spoiling my death . . . you ink-blooded theologist.' But, God rejected, there is none to answer Beckmann's cry for explanation.

If Levi learned to be a Schweyk, balancing innocence and guile in a strategy of survival, Beckmann is another Wozzeck – with wit to reinforce the anguish: 'It so happens I brought back a gammy leg with me. By way of a souvenir . . . They stole my knee cap.' At the edge of despair, Borchert created a play rich in sardonic diction and characterisation.

Geza Forda's spare libretto loses most of this sardonic texture: his God meets Death, not shuffling unrecognised through a stinking street, but in a characterless limbo; and the Colonel who placed on Beckmann responsibility for eleven comrades' lives is removed by Forda from the bourgeois comfort that makes his complacency such an affront in Borchert's play.

But Balassa's music repays the debt of irony, providing a progressively lyrical complement to the text's images of horror. The chorus's proclamation that the world is a wound gets triumphal accompaniment; and when Beckmann sings of the dead covering the streets like filth, and of the streetcleaner Death 'cleaning street of us', a positively redemptive note is struck. Balassa has rightly identified Beckmann with his author, Borchert, hungry for the death that has nearly devoured him. And the death with which he rewards Beckmann contains neither the Christian heaven nor hell; only annihilation.

Each scene of the opera is preceded by a reading from the libretto, directed by Ian Cotterell, which usefully conveys the literary content; but if the opera is repeated, I hope the BBC will make available copies of the libretto, so that listeners can follow in detail Balassa's remarkable act of interpretation.

Though Auschwitz figures in *Freya – Cold Goddess of Love* (2 March Radio 3, 7.45 p.m.), the author, Leszek Prorok, who took part in the Warsaw uprising, seems as distanced from the scene of his heroine Agnes's sterilisation, and from her earlier service in a Nazi stud farm, as she tries to be when interrogated by German doctors investigating her claim for compensation. Catherine Kessler and David Timson find something touching in the love that flowers between beautiful young Agnes and Peter when their only task in bed is to create a perfect Aryan baby for the Führer; but, as Martin Jenkins's production does not disguise, Mr Prorok has not dignified his subject by giving the stud farm a caricature lesbian Kommandant, or by contriving a listless dénouement. And in imposing a stiff upper lip on the mature Agnes, author, director, and the actress, Annette Crosbie have rendered passionless the final speech, on the folly of supposing that guilt can purge (an idea finely argued in Stephen Spender's introduction to the Calder edition of the Borchert play), so that a prim but honourable play never achieves stature.

Far from Auschwitz, but on painful ground, Michael Gandon's documentary *Who Am I? I Need to Know* traces a middle-aged woman's search for the mother who gave her to adoptive parents. I have heard the tapes in which 'Chris' learns how the searcher, Val, trails Mum via newspaper and electoral roll, carefully protecting sensibilities of mother and child – 'You may find that she's in her seventies.' I can't wait to hear the final encounter on 10 March (Radio 4, 11.05 a.m.).

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Benedict Nightingale

Race of Galahads

The British Empire Part One by JOHN SPURLING *Birmingham Rep Studio*
Catchpenny Twist by STEWART PARKER *King's Head*
Trial Run by NIGEL WILLIAMS *Young Vic*
Greek by STEVEN BERKOFF *Half Moon*

I have been leafing through my old stamp album, fully one-third of which, I'm amazed to discover, is given over to the postal extravagances of the empire on which the sun never set. Did we really lord it over Bahrain and the Maldive Islands, Naura and the Straits Settlements, Gambia and Zanzibar? Yes, we did, and over so very much more that it's surprising, if you think about it, how reticent our island drama is about the subject. True, John Arden based his *Musgrave* on a colonial atrocity in Cyprus; David Edgar's recent *Destiny* began its cautionary attack on the National Front in the twilight of the Raj; and Charles Wood has written interestingly and sceptically about the imperial mind in both *H* and *Jingo*. Conversely, Osborne's *West of Suez* is marked by a grumpy nostalgia for the days when the world was run according to the values of the English hunting field. But on the whole we don't like to think, talk or write about a colonial past that at best embarrasses us, at worst strikes us as hereditary sin: a culpable evasion, surely, considering the extent to which it has shaped the present, at home, abroad, everywhere.

So John Spurling must be congratulated for directly confronting the subject at all, and doubly so for tackling it on a scale that, for once, justifies what's become known as 'promenade' production. Things start on a platform meant to evoke the great pagoda at Kew Gardens – themselves presumably representing imperial plunder in its vegetable aspects – and then spill out, up, round and all over the auditorium. Peter Farago's cast and our own legs carry us chronologically across some 50 years of 19th-century glory and shame, and geographically to India, South Africa, Lake Victoria, Afghanistan, and even that 'rotten little place', Timbuctoo; and along the way we pick up much fascinating information.

How much did you know about the Tasmanian aborigines, for instance? A meticulous fanatic named Colonel Arthur tried to herd them into a sort of game-reserve by means of a great cordon of soldiers, who were to walk exactly 60 yards apart, were provided with 300 pairs of handcuffs, and were to be assisted by precisely 2003 civilians. Alas, the terrain prevented the ruse working, and the aborigines succumbed to more orthodox fates: raucous evangelism, booze, poverty, a nil birth-rate.

But the author doesn't focus on such happenings because of their inherent interest: rather, he sees them as exemplary evidence, sometimes for the prosecution, sometimes for the defence, and often for neither side clearly, in what gradually becomes a trial of the British Empire itself. Conrad wrote that colonialism was 'robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale', yet redeemed by 'an idea, and an unselfish belief in that idea'. Spurling's view is rather opposite, that it was an 'idea' doomed to degenerate into robbery, violence, murder. The 19th century, he reminds us, 'was not all Palmerston and the strong arm, but Wilberforce and the soft conscience'; Britain, among less lovely things, was 'a race of Galahads galloping through the wilderness in search of the grail'. Here's the unstoppable Laing, attacked by Arabs yet continuing to map the Sahara from beneath a daunting array of slashes, cuts and mutilated members. Here's Maclean of the Cape, saving an adulterer from tribal slaughter by the apparent cruelty of sentencing him to 18 months imprisonment in chains. Here's Sleeman, permanently quarantining whole families in his determination to end dynastic thuggee. And here's Burton, the most open-minded and far-sighted Briton of his day, sleuthing out the source of the Nile with the unspeakable Speke. There was curiosity, resourcefulness, courage, and a crusading decency as well as bigotry, avarice for

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advancement and fame, and a stupefying hubris.

The intentions of some were sullied by alien circumstances, their own insularity, or the flawed motives driving them: those of others were ugly and dishonourable in the first place. Spurling's tale of our botched attempts to dominate Afghanistan, ending in a marvellously eloquent description of the destruction of the retreating British army, should be promptly extracted from its context. rushed to Bush House, and broadcast to any Russian still capable of listening and learning. The great massacres at Cawnpore were of course perpetrated by an Indian, Nana Sahib; but Spurling sees him as a man half-maddened by the British ability simultaneously to steal other people's territory and be acclaimed their ethical superiors, and he wryly observes the less-than-mild retribution which some of our troops dealt the local citizenry. The Galahads were becoming 'middle-aged, anxious and tyrannical', and had anyway absorbed into their high command such un-Arthurian ogres as Palmerston, seen here as a cynical opportunist rather than the moral ironclad of schoolroom lore; and few seemed to know what the grail was, how it was to be reached, or even if it existed.

Spurling is, of course, our own art critic, and I daresay some will ascribe my enthusiasm for his play to loyalty for a colleague. My answer to that must be, see it for yourselves if you can. If not, phone, lobby, or otherwise pester a second production out of the National Theatre, which really ought to be promenading us round something more substantial than the villages of Lark Rise and Candleford. The play has its failings, notably an amiable assumption that we need less background information than, I fear, some of us ignorami actually do; but it has the intellectual excitement of Spurling's best work, and perhaps also something hitherto muffled by his questioning, self-questioning, detached and dryish style.

The programme notes tell us that he was born in Kenya, into a colonial family, and has himself worked in the Southern Cameroons; and the play's own energy seems to declare something of the sort, too. It is, as I've suggested, about all our identities. It is also, I suspect, a concentrated act of personal discovery.

Catchpenny Twist takes us over the water to a colony that, whatever the settlers may think, we should be handing back to the natives right now. Mark you, that's not necessarily the view of its author, who, as in his earlier *Spokesong*, is content to chronicle the lot of the apolitical innocent, Candide in Ulster. The result is a genial, affectionate piece, and one not without tension, since it's plain from the start that something baleful is pursuing the songwriter-protagonists, who have unwisely begun their career by hacking out republican ballads. The weaknesses are, I suppose, lack of bite and the sometimes distracting presence of a chanteuse whose decline into drink and chaos has too little connection with the play's prime concern, which is how to survive the anonymous hatreds out yonder, but they're only weaknesses, not wreckers. Tony Scannell is energetically excellent, the rest of Robert Gillespie's cast not half bad.

Briefly, *Trial Run* is a thinnish effort – heart on sleeve, head not always visible – about Asians taking impotent revenge on British society; and *Greek*, written in the mock-heroic, crass-lyrical style of Berkoff's earlier *East*, adds nothing to that scathing satire on Cockneydom except repetition, overstatement, and a garney delight in sex, no matter how Oedipal its expression.

Our television critic, Julian Barnes, is on holiday for three weeks. There will be a guest TV column by Eric Paice next week.

From The Glasshouse

NEIL JORDAN reflects on 'A Sense of Ireland'

Labels are always invidious, particularly ones that have any stamp of officialdom. And there has been a fair amount of officialdom in the planning, publicity and execution of the 'Sense of Ireland' festival. But there has been a strangely arbitrary, open-ended aspect to it as well. What was to have been a week of avant-garde events in the ICA somehow snowballed and grew into the bewildering, maybe indigestible round of exhibitions, plays, readings, concerts and films now taking place all over London. The label 'Irish', therefore, which might be objectionable in one context, becomes less so in this. It becomes a question, not a definition. And so perhaps the reason this festival grew in such an accidental way was because it answered to a genuine need: a need on the part of both of these islands, of Ireland herself and, more particularly, of Irish writers and artists, to make sense of the Irish maelstrom. And the Irish maelstrom implies, as much now as at any time in the last 800 years, the Anglo-Irish one too.

For if to be Irish means something, to be an Irish writer means something peculiar, infuriating, crippling and exhilarating – all at once. To subvert language through an extravagant regard for it, to define oneself constantly through opposition, to learn a profound impatience with the real world, to confuse poetry with politics and politics with race. But most of all, to inherit all the time. The past leaves its monsters on our shoulders and taunts us to subdue them, for one decade more.

One inherits Catholicism, Irish Catholicism. A beautiful, bloody and perennial construct, that always seems on the point of extinction and then rears itself back to life. In the West last year, I saw a cottage I used to visit was turned into a stable. The floor was covered in straw and mud, the ceiling was caving in. A calf rubbed its flank against the wall, which was still adorned with pictures of the Virgin, of the Infant of Prague, of the crucifixion. It seemed a very symbol of the decay of the fervour that surrounded my childhood. I wondered were they finally managing to forget, and concluded, with a touch of nostalgia, that they must be. Then three months later a figure descended from one of several helicopters on Phoenix Park to the largest gathering the country had ever seen. The figure was the Pope, and a million or so of the faithful received him through media more associated with rock-concerts than religious gatherings – loudspeakers, pop groups and video cameras. The effect was appalling, moving, terrifying – and at the same time, strangely innocent. The medium had changed, but the image was as deeply-etched as ever.

Another, parallel inheritance could almost be the political parallel of the above. A sense of national lost innocence, a yearning for basically rural values, an ennui for the rigours, the simplicity and the idealism of the revolutionary generation. For one thing that is sometimes forgotten about contemporary Ireland is that for the first time that revolutionary generation is passing out of direct memory. Ireland avoided the war, remained seated, as F. S. L. Lyons so aptly put it, in Plato's Cave, observing the movements and changes of the world outside as mere flickering shadows on the back wall. It emerged in the Fifties, blinking in the sunlight. It had managed to preserve, through its immersion in the politics of neutrality, its prewar image of itself. That image was delineated in terms of the birth of nationhood and its preservation, in a rather Victorian childhood garden: a reverence for nature, a strident innocence and an acute consciousness of its own moral worth.

This was the garden that was breached by encroaching prosperity, by the moral relativism it brings, by a booming youthful population and an increasingly cosmopolitan cultural world. A battle ensued, that towards the end of the Sixties seemed to be nearing some fruitful resolution. Then the North exploded, in 1969. And with it came the consciousness of one's third inheritance – political violence.

The fourth inheritance is the aesthetic one. A music poised between folk and court, a landscape full of dreams and remembrance, a lifestyle that is basically so rich, it's irresponsible. And a literature.

It's the literature that is the saving grace. A kind of imaginative glasshouse from which the

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world outside can be viewed – never with equanimity, for the heat is too much in there – but with the certainty that the glasshouse will provide solutions if the world doesn't. It's a house full of vast, wayward growths, whose only purpose at first sight would seem to be to baffle or intimidate: Swift and Sterne, Joyce, Yeats, Beckett . . .But the house itself seems so simple, so obviously transparent; it seduces each new acolyte into attempting an entry. The soil that nourished them, it whispers, has hardly changed; provincial, bloody and other-worldly. And before he knows it, he's inside, struggling with the heat.

Ballet

Bryan Robertson

Le High Life

La Fin du Jour *Covent Garden*

In 1931, Ravel wrote his piano concerto in G major with the somewhat bizarrely phrased purpose of composing a work for piano and orchestra 'in the classical manner of Mozart and Saint-Saëns'. This intention is sufficiently whimsical in its coupling of names to recall Delacroix's oddly Gallic comment in his Journal about an evening at the opera filled with the 'insipid tinkling of Mozart, which made one long for the sublime Rossini'. But Ravel's attempt to reconcile such distant polarities as Mozart and Saint-Saëns, united only by their concern for sonata form, produced a work of great beauty and originality which extended his usual measure as an impeccable miniaturist to wider horizons.

In 1979, Kenneth MacMillan's latest ballet, *La Fin du Jour,* received its first few performances by the Royal Ballet and was revived last week at Covent Garden in the current season. The work deserves comment here because it is, I believe, within its style a masterpiece, and MacMillan's concept has been dazzlingly matched by his designer, Ian Spurling. By nature a born enjoyer, I have sat so often at Covent Garden somehow contriving to concentrate on the splendours of the music, the singing or the dancing and to ignore the dismal inadequacies of sets and costumes and in *La Fin du Jour* everything for once comes together in perfect accord. The programme, repeated on February 29 and March 19, 21 and 24 includes Glen Tetley's recent *Voluntaries*, choreographed to Poulenc's startlingly beautiful organ concerto, a noble ballet filled with images of soaring flight, and Massine's *Mam'zelle Angot*, that delightful old caper with charming sets and costumes by Derain: one of the best nights at the ballet for ages, or in the theatre for that matter.

MacMillan nearly called his ballet 'L'Heure Bleu', seeking to project through Ravel's music, with its excursions into jazz of the period, a kind of amiably parodied embodiment of the 1930s 'modern style'. The curtain rises to disclose a vast neutral coloured room – beige, that period word, describes the tonality – but this neutral space is given a calmly eccentric character by the way in which the soaring wings at each side of the huge room are shaped like abstracted human faces in profile and these symmetrical receding shapes on the ground are echoed by their counterpart, in two recessed rows, on the ceiling. The scene, with dancers exactly set out in pairs, is clearly *le high life* as well as *le week-end*: the elegantly garbed guests, in fantasy costumes for both sexes which pay homage to Chanel without cheapening that high style, caper and gesticulate stiffly like marionettes as the concerto begins with its whiplash crack preceding the opening fanfares, like rather tinny jazz played by a band in Hong Kong. In the far distance, an open door reveals the garden, deep greens and blues, already mid-afternoon.

As the music progresses, the 'guests' – men in plus-fours, open-necked shirts, period bathing costumes, the women in pale coloured short dresses, impossibly coloured wigs, accents of acid green or other bright colours in shoes, with other details like the colour of cosmetics – drift to the side of the stage where they lounge in a *dégagé* manner and watch the virtuoso dances of two couples: the men in silk peaked caps and silk plus-four outfits, the girls in swimming costumes and helmet-caps. The sequences of *pas de deux* that MacMillan has invented for these four dancers are extraordinary: the girls are borne aloft, spun around horizontally and advance toward each other like the prows of boats, or trundled around like go-carts. The action throughout is deceptively simple, clean in line and inventive. One of the best moments is toward the end of the lovely Fauré-like melody of the slow movement when the two girls in swimsuits (last week, Merle Park and Jennifer Penney, dancing flawlessly with the equally redoubtable Wayne Eagling and Julian Hosking) teeter endlessly on points across the stage, drifting apparently inconsequentially around in 'perpetuum mobile' as each galvanises the other into renewed movement, in turn, with a single touch. There are also dashing numbers for the two principal male dancers, as sporting types.

In between and among all this action, the other 'guests' lounge around, a boy on one knee makes casting gestures with an invisible rod and tackle, two others slowly scan the sky as if watching the flight of a plane, another figure reclines as if reading or taking a siesta. I know perfectly well that all this sounds like camp of the highest order but it isn't: some kind of affectionately fantasised recreation of elegant leisure, 'smartness', and youthful energy of the Thirties comes through MacMillan's choreography, captivating in itself, and stays coolly intact through Spurling's visual flair.

The lighting shifts just once, to a lower and softer tonality toward the end of the slow movement. The last movement, Ravel's most ebullient and jazzy music, brings on the high leapers, the two central male dancers transformed in brightly coloured tail suits. Then all the girls reappear in afternoon 'cocktail-hour' parody dresses, and finally the two principal girl dancers reappear, transformed by exaggeratedly waved wigs, one gray and one reddish in colour, and flowing gowns, to more mature versions of the earlier bathing girls. As the music reaches its climax, one of these elegant creatures slams the door shut on the now darkened garden, and that's it. Ignore any uneasy thoughts of a trivialised version of the already archly lightweight *The Boy Friend* that my description might suggest; have faith and explore this extraordinary work.

Films

John Coleman

Trial & Terror

The Onion Field (X) *ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue*
Black Jack (U) *Classic Poly*
The Song of the Shirt *ICA*

None too joyous about the Richard Fleischer movie drawn from his best-selling novel, *The New Centurions* (1972), titled *Precinct 45 – Los Angeles Police* for sober Britons, and rightly raging about what Robert Aldrich and others did to his screenplay from his fourth novel, *The Choirboys* (he went successfully to the courts over that nasty travesty), the ex-detective sergeant from LA, Joseph Wambaugh, was determined that he alone would have control over the film fate of his third, non-fiction work, *The Onion Field*. Gritting his teeth and setting others on edge by his temerity, he bought back the rights on this one from Columbia, suing for violation of a verbal contract; then buckled down to amassing the $1,650,000 still needed to get the thing in the can. The story goes that his wife finally took on this giant chore – some wife. And, without actually bursting into song about it, one can reasonably say: some film. It is formidably well acted, the dialogue moves between true grit and true absurdity as occasion warrants, and Harold Becker – hitherto known for his '72 feature, Sillitoe's *The Ragman's Daughter* – directs for the most part with a lean professionalism. Only the glib little happy endings, on which Wambaugh himself insisted, smack of commercial opportunism; those, and the lusher stretches of Eumir Deodato's score.

In March, 1963, two newly paired cops, Ian Campbell and Karl Hettinger invited a cruising Ford to pull over. A psychotic petty crook, Greg Powell, and his nervous black companion, Jimmy Lee Smith, just out from a five-year prison sentence, emerged and guns were waved. This hysterical interlude ended with Powell in command, forcing Campbell – the coolest of the four – to drive to that fatal onion field, where he shot him in the face. Making a scrambled getaway, Hettinger glanced back in time to see one of the gunmen pumping more bullets into Campbell's slumped body. What followed was the real, protracted madness. Greg and Jimmy were quickly apprehended, but the court proceedings – thanks initially to a disagreement over who had fired the shots and then to mountingly farcical points of order, manoeuvrings, changes of judge, appeals against the death sentence, nightmare nonsenses out of the darker side of Lewis Carroll – dragged on for some seven years. Meanwhile, partly as a result of official reproaches, Hettinger started going to pieces, physically and emotionally. Assigned to look out for shoplifters, he began shoplifting himself and had to resign from the force. It is this mind-boggling sequence of events that Wambaugh, after two police novels, set down on paper at the urging of Truman Capote, the Capote presumably of *In Cold Blood*.

In warm images, and notably in the perfor-

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mance of John Savage as shattered Hettinger and James Woods extraordinary as the compelling nut Greg Powell, much of the experience is terrifying, at times tugging one's own reason every which way. Greg is snappish when 'Jimbo' misses what's new about him, a pathetic shot at disguise before a job: bushy eyebrows and a mole with stuck-on hairs on his ear-lobe; ironically boastful – 'You know, I'm kind of a virtuoso sexually' – to the black man who has shortly before had an invited piece of his woman; querulous with his mother in court as they squabble zanily over whether he came second in relay or softball at school.

The horror is less in the murder of Campbell, the bagpipe enthusiast and nice guy, or in a death-row convict stripping naked and slashing a wrist; it lies in the cumulative crassnesses of judicial procedure, a defending lawyer droning on and on over a judge's protests, a young D.A.'s decision to give up the law, Jimbo's maybe erotic crawling to Greg (whom he has rejoicingly 'whupped' earlier in jail) so that Greg may plead the Fifth Amendment, to Jimbo's ultimate benefit. *The Onion Field* reveals more about the expected machismo of the cop and the strains it imposes, more about the injustices of Justice, than any single film I can recall.

Ken Loach's *Kes* was a masterpiece and the only professional actor on view, as I remember it, was Colin Welland, blending unselfishly with the amateurs. That was 11 years ago and for *Black Jack* Loach and his producer Tony Garnett have once more returned to the North of England, transplanting Leon Garfield's highly regarded children's classic from Surrey to Yorkshire. He found his three splendid child actors – Stephen Hirst as Tolly, Louise Cooper as 'mad' Belle whose scattered wits come together again under Tolly's gentleness, and Andrew Bennett as bad lad Hatch – in Barnsley schools and, to be honest, they reinforce that old truism of drama by showing up the deficiencies of their elders. The French giant of the title (Jean Franval), who avoids death on the gallows by jamming a spoon down his throat and hauls young Bartholomew, or Tolly, along on his travels, is – one imagines – a pro, but his role in this period piece, set in 1750, is so sketchy, his repentance after jealously and fearfully sending Belle back to the asylum so unmotivated, that he hardly has a chance to do more than growl and display his strength.

As for the other grown-ups, with the possible exception of Packie Byrne as a touring fair's quack medicine man who takes Tolly and Belle under his dubious wing, and proudly claims the lass's cure for himself, they are far better seen and not heard. Their naturalistic dialogues prove self-defeating, self-conscious in their overlapping repetitiveness and downright tedium. The odd sharp line comes like a resuscitating slap in the face. One would not be so hard on them and their deployment if one didn't by now – after such worked-for triumphs as *Kes* and *Family Life* – come to Loach with high expectations. And there *are* of course, great virtues in *Black Jack*, for all its disjointedness. It looks pretty consistently marvellous: photography by Chris Menges that relishes landscape and interiors alike. The dim candle-lit rooms were light enough for my taste. And it enshrines a special nobility and sweetness in its best moments. Belle's 'the sun's gone to bed in a blanket', a reiterated daftness poetically vindicated as she gazes upwards in ecstasy along a ship's mast near the end, echoes on in the mind.

The Song of the Shirt, at best, resembles the dishevelled contents of two or three *Jackdaw* folders devoted to the 1830s and 1840s (repeal of the Corn Laws, 10 Hours Act for Women, fear of cholera, problem of prostitution) spilled randomly to the floor. At 135 minutes, its makers – Sue Clayton and Jonathan Cutling – clearly feel some clarification is in order. Here is a short extract from their lengthy programme notes:

> This episodic structure uses and juxtaposes different material means of representation, some of which *do* reference and make use of the conventions of cinema and TV histories, but which use them in order to deconstruct their operations, by montaging them against each other, and against other devices developed in independent cinema. In this way the recuperation of history into a simple narrative drive, or its equally simple recuperation when presented from a position of, as it were, omniscient hindsight, are precluded.

Verb. sap.

Weekend Competition

No 2606 **Set by Paddy Beesley**

A recent survey revealed that on average an American couple spend 27 minutes of the week actually talking to one another. This is, of course, an exaggeration: they obviously don't exchange more than, oh, 150 words. Transcribe the exchange, or exchanges, which make up this weekly tally. By 7 March.

No 2603 **Set by P. W. R. Foot**

Valentines in verse for hard-to-love fictional characters.

Report **By PC 49**

Detailed – somewhat against my inclination, may I say – to undertake a critical appraisal of the amorous effusions received, I proceeded to subdivide same into three main categories, noting as I did so that not one of you thought to plead extenuating circumstances for the misdemeanours of your addressees. The first category contained valentines of a rather ordinary nature, which, while making the occasional reference to the unsavoury (if not outright criminal) habits of the beloved, were completely inoffensive. No entry in this class raised so much as a 'ho ho' in the course of my consumer research down at the nick. Entries in category two made interesting use of the style or situation of the original fictional work. While perusing this group, I found my fancy to be particularly tickled by the odes to Mr Quilp by Messrs Ewart and Fagg and Mr Sharpless's address to Iago (a right villain and no two ways about it, if you ask me). Category three concentrated upon the unhealthy habits of the recipients, demonstrating varying degrees of, not to put too fine a point on it, lust. They ranged from the jocular, as exemplified by Miss Rita Snapper's unladylike supplications to Apthorpe, down to what your psychiatric report might term the pathologically fixated, as demonstrated by Mr Alexander's -er - feelings for Goneril. I duly award a coroner's to each of the aforementioned and also to Barry Anthony and Loveknot Parsons for their verses to Lady Macbeth and the Revd. Slope.

Oh, very humorous you are, Mr Quilp, sir! (Dare
I call you Mr Daniel?),
Oh, I fawn on you, I admire you, your
obedient servant – your obedient spaniel!
I am privileged indeed, sir, to kiss your a——!
Signed: Your slave and true admirer,
Sampson B——.

GAVIN EWART

(Mrs Giniwin's apparent terror of her son-in-law is – a Freudian commonplace – merely the mask for a craving to get to grips with his interesting person)
Spurn not, dear Daniel, this verse
With rancid sneer or ribald curse;
Nor any longer, sweeting, numb
My heart with thine opprobrium.
A *matron*'s amplitudes excel
The vapid charms of Little Nell –
Her fleshly lures must far surpass
The bony wiles of Sally Brass.
Thy fits and furies – frenzies, *all*
I'd bear to be thy doting thrall;
My every chattel blithely barter
To be thy fond Inamorata
And share thy dank and foggy wharf –
Enchanting Troll, Bewitching Dwarf! –
Whom but to *know* is to Adore! –
Your quite besotted Ma-in-law

MARTIN FAGG

Oh me! Oh my! Othello!
What a tiresome sort of fellow!
To jealousy my Moor has fallen prey;
You're more more-ish than a Moor is,
And you know my true *amour* is
Really you, my pet, whatever others say;
You're my sweetie-pie, Iago,
You're my *bonne bouche,* my *escargot*,
And although there's an embargo
On my meeting you tonight,
I am sending you this hanky,
But to ward off hanky-panky,
Do please stuff it up your doublet, out of sight;
'Cos if hubby ever guessed I were the donor,
'Twould be curtains for
Your loving
Desdemona.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

A character, a true-blue, a Briton.
A thunder box user of skill.
But there are items that one cannot sit on,
and ladies who say No, but will.

I'm a noted indoor girl sporter
so I appreciate machismo finesse;
and because I'm an NCO's daughter
I'm familiar with an Officers' Mess.

From the moment I first glimpsed the porpoise
of your boots as you sat on the train,
I vowed that I'd be the corpus
you could habeas again and again.

Oh take me tonight Uncle Apthorpe,
though I admit that you're not the first;
let lust be our fictitious time warp
then we'll come too in dear Staplehurst.

RITA SNAPPER

If you will be my Valentine,
Sweet Goneril, we'll make *so* fine
A sado-masochistic pair.

Your whip-lash when I lie supine
Will start our great orgasmic whine
If you will let your passions flare;

I'll claw your back and you'll claw mine,
we'll bind our feet with cruel twine
And roughly wrench each other's hair.

Our love will grow in pain condign,
For each, sweet suff'ring we'll design
If you'll engage in love so rare.

Oh, be my vicious Valentine!

PETER ALEXANDER

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Dear Lady Mac' I love you
You're the coolest above all
From your nipples tipped with poison
To your milk that's tinged with gall.
With the perfumes of Arabia
On your rosey little palms
You're the hostess with the ghostliest
Stately home in old world Glamis.
You're so bloody bold at breakfast
And so resolute at lunch
When a spectre comes to hector
That I have a subtle hunch,
Although some say you're unsexed
When you walk nocturnally,
If my courage lets me screw it
You're the sticking place for me.

BARRY ANTHONY

Obadiah, Obadiah,
In my veins the blood's afire;
Drowned by your delicious unction,
All my senses cease to function.
O my viscous valentine,
As you slide your hand through mine
– Still inflaming as it cools –
Sing to me of Sabbath schools.
O what sanctified seduction
Throbs in your divine instruction!
Need disciples further search
For the comforts of the Church?
Mary's wary, Proudie's rowdy,
Madeleine's a legless dowdy;
Pelf and patronage are mine –
Be my *Bishop* Valentine!

LOVEKNOT PARSONS

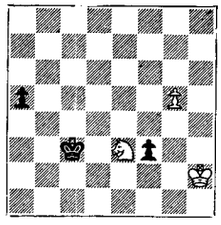
Tony Miles

Chess

No 169 **Problem 154**

Problem 154 came from the fascinating struggle between Portisch and Velimirovic in the Rio de Janeiro Interzonal. The game began **1.P-QB4, P-K3; 2.N-QB3, P-Q4; 3.P-Q4, P-QB4; 4.BPxP, BPxP?!** (the Henning-Schara Gambit, quite common at club level but hardly ever seen in grandmaster play). **5.Q-R4ch, B-Q2; 6.QxQP, PxP; 7.QxQP, N-QB3; 8.N-B3, N-B3; 9.Q-Q1, B-QB4; 10.P-K3, Q-K2; 11.B-K2, P-KN4** (this crude assault is the justification of the gambit). **12.0-0, 0-0-0; 13.P-QN4!?** (the theoretical recommendation, returning the pawn for a counterattack) . . . **BxNP; 14.Q-N3** (14.B-N2 is reputed to favour White), **P-N5; 15.N-Q4, NxN; 16.PxN, B-K3; 17.Q-N2, N-Q4; 18.N-N5!? K-N1; 19.B-QB4, B-R4; 20.B-Q2, BxB; 21.QxB, Q-B3; 22.Q-R5!?** (Black has come out of the opening by no means badly so White resorts to some crudity himself), **P-QR3; 23.BxN, BxB; 24.Q-B7ch, K-R1; 25.P-QR4, R-QB1; 26.Q-N3, B-B5?** (better is . . . Q-B3) **27. KR-Q1, Q-QN3; 28.N-Q6, R-B3; 29.QR-N1, Q-B2; 30.NxNP, QxQ; 31.RPxQ** (White is a pawn up and clearly better, But he does have some trouble coordinating his forces. Possibly he might have tried 31.BPxQ to free his king), **B-Q4; 32.N-B5, P-KR4; 33.R-K1, R-QN1; 34.QR-Q1, R-Q1; 35.R-K5, R(3)-Q3; 36.R-N1, B-K3; 37.K-R2, R-QN1; 38.RxRch, KxR; 39.RxP, B-B1; 40.R-R8, K-B2; 41.R-R7, RxQP; 42.RxPch.** (Here the game was adjourned. Now white has two pawns more, but the win is still not simple.) . . . **K-N3; 43.R-B8, K-B2; 44.R-B4, RxR; 45.PxR, K-N3; 46.N-N3, B-Q2; 47.P-R5ch, KN4; 48.P-B5! BxP; 49.N-Q4ch, KxP; 50.NxB, K-N5: 51.N-K3?** (missing a clear win by 51.N-Q4! K-B5 – or P-R4/K-B6; 52.N-B6 – 52.N-B2, K-N6; 53.N-Rlch, K-N7; 54.K-N3, KxN; 55.KxP, P-R4; 56.P-B4 etc) . . . **P-R4; 52.P-B4!?** (52.N-B2ch deserved consideration. White has a tempo less than in previous note but still a likely win: 52.K-N1, P-R5; 53.K-B1, K-N6; 54.K-K1, P-R6; 55.K-Q1, P-R7; 56.N-B2, K-B6! however, seems to hold) . . .**P-Pep; 53.P-N4! K-B6! 54.P-N5** reaching the position of problem 154.

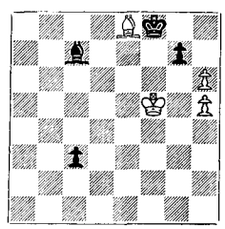
Velimirovic now played **54. . . K-Q5?** which turns out to be the decisive mistake. Of the alternatives I suggested (a) 54 . . . P-R5 can be quickly rejected due to 55.P-N6, P-R6; 56.P-N7, P-R7; 57.P-N8=Q, P-R8=Q; 58.Q-R8ch and so can



(d) 54 . . . K-Q7; 55.N-B1ch! K-K7; 56.P-N6 etc. However (c) 54 . . . K-Q6! is the saving resource. The variations are fascinating. 55.N-Q5 is fairly clearly the best try. The only real alternative is 55.N-Q1 when . . . P-R5; 56.P-N6, P-R6; 57.N-B3, P-B7! 58.K-N2, KxN; 59.P-N7, P-R7; 60.P-N8=Q, P-B8=Qch; 61.KxQ, P-R8=Qch draws. So 56.N-Q5. Now 55 . . . P-B7? fails to 56.K-N2, K-K7; 57.N-B4ch, K-K8; 58.N-Q3ch, K-K7; 59.NxP, P-R5; 60.N-K4, P-R6; 61.N-B3ch, K-Q6; 62.N-R2 or more artistically 60.P-N6, P-R6; 61.P-N7, P-R7; 62.P-N8=Q, P-R8=Q; 63.Q-B4ch, K-K6; 64.Q-K4ch, K-Q7; 65.Q-Q3ch, K-B8; 66.Q-Q1ch, K-N7; 67.N-Q3ch, K-R7; 68.Q-R4ch, K-N8; 69.Q-N3ch, Q-N7ch; 70.QxQmate. If in this variation Black tries 56 . . . P-R5; 57.KxP! P-R6; 58.P-N6, K-B5; 59.N-K3ch! K-Q6; 60.P-N7, P-R7; 61.P-N8=Q, P-R8=Q; Q-B4ch, K-Q7; 63. Q-B2mate. Therefore (55.N-Q5) P-R5! 56.P-N6, P-R6 and if 57.P-N7, P-B7! (but not . . . P-R7; 58.N-N4ch, K-K7; 59.NxP, P-B7; 60.N-B1ch! K-B6; 61.P-N8=Q winning); 58.K-N2, P-R7 drawing comfortably, but White has a more interesting try in 57.K-N3, hoping for . . . P-R7; 58.N-N4ch, K-K7; 59.NxP, P-B7; 60.N-B1ch! winning again. However Black again has a resource in 57 . . . K-B5! If 58.P-N7, P-R7; 59.P-N8=Q, P-R8=Q draws since there are no good discovered checks (naturally if 60.N-B3ch Black does not take the N) and on 58. N-K3ch, K-Q6! White has nothing better than N-Q5 repeating. Finally on 58.N-B3 there is the familiar . . . KxN; 59.P-N7, P-B7! 60.KxP, P-R7; 61.P-N8=Q, K-N7! with a standard draw. Back at the game (**54 . . . K-Q5?**) Portisch finished precisely with **55.N-N4!** (but not 55.N-B4, KxN; 56.P-N6 – K-N3? K-Q4 – K-Q6! drawing) . . . **K-Q4** (surely the K catches the NP?); **56.K-N3, K-K3; 57.N-K3!!** Resigns. (The knight's agility is remarkable: 57 . . . P-R5; 58.KxP, P-R6; 59.K-N4, P-R7; 60.N-B2 wins.)

Problem 169

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 12 March.

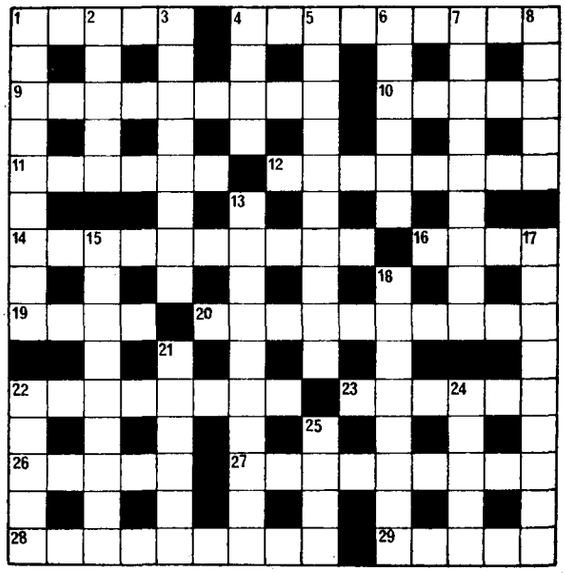


Solution to problem 167

1 . . . P-N4! 2.P-B4 (else . . . P-R5mate), R(N7)-KB7! 3.NPxP, R(R7)-N7ch; 4.K-R3, P-N5mate.

Weekend Crossword 1334

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1334, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 11 March.



ACROSS

1 The fellow comes back without his mother – he won't settle (5).
4 Faintheartedness keeps company with fighting and gambling (9).
9 Its work is a grind so one needs a period of study in determination (9).
10 (Tears from the ——— of some divine despair) (Tennyson) (5).
11 Where the church is hot after capital (6).
12 Went and got married again? (8).
14 Makes fertile voting in redistributed seat (10).
16 Look after intellect (4).
19 What is left behind? (4).
20 Where everything about one is in poetry (10).
22 Old woman who may make it rain hard (8).
23 Optical illusion which makes one get angry on the motorway (6).
26 This stream would be all right for learning if I weren't in it (5).
27 Plant which makes one almost sick after pain (9).
28 Works with a formal appeal? (9).
29 Clothed although ready for bed (5).

DOWN

1 Holiday resort page in more up-to-date journal (9).
2 Mother is the one who marries (5).
3 What to wear for the club? (4,4).
4 Food counter (4).
5 Give Oscar the finest outside the East, the brute (10).
6 Seaside resort left with a single vehicle (6).
7 One politician given a crooked trial, but fair-minded (9).
8 Possibly hoped for something to wear (5).
13 The masculine element is criminal (10).
15 For this poet there is a market in verse (9).
17 Ended without the magic being removed (9).
18 Operate in a school with two top forms (8).
21 Get rid of a low place over the street (6).
22 Room with nothing to provide a welcome (5).
24 Lady who was endlessly like a conservative (5).
25 Cockney hurts his limbs (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1333

H	E	L	P	M	E	E	T		R	U	B	B	E	R
O		A		A		P	R		N		O		A	
B	R	I	M	S	T	O	N	E		T	R	A	M	P
A		R		S		C	I		I		T		A	
R	A	D	I	I		H	A	N	S	E	A	T	I	C
T				V			D				R		I	
	C	O	V	E	R	A	G	E		B	E	A	S	T
M		R		L		M		E		A		I		Y
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Prizewinners to No 1333

E. A. Barber (Norwich)
G. W. Wendon (London NW3)
Mrs K. Evans (Christchurch)

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APPOINTMENTS

Greater London Arts Association

The Regional Arts Association for Greater London

PROMOTING COMMUNITY ARTS IN LONDON

Since 1970 over 100 neighbourhood arts projects have opened up in London where, in festivals, community centres and youth clubs, professional artists are passing on creative skills to people who have had little previous involvement in the arts.

The Greater London Arts Association, as well as extending its support to existing community arts projects, wishes to encourage the growth of these activities in other parts of London. We are looking for a new member of our arts team who will play a key role in promoting our strategy:

Community Arts Officer

(salary £5,370-£6,816) with a broad experience of the arts and community development who will give artistic and management advice to projects and recommend funding by the Association.

For further details and application form, please write to: **The Director, Greater London Arts Association, 25 Tavistock Place, London WC1H 9SF.** Closing date for applications: **Friday, 14 March.**

Readvertisement: previous applicants need not apply.

FIRCROFT COLLEGE

Selly Oak, Birmingham

This residential adult college, opening to men and women in September 1980, has vacancies for

THREE TUTORS

in a range of liberal studies, such as **History, Political and Social Studies, Economics, Industrial Studies, Computers, Psychology, etc.,** with special reference to life and work in a modern technological environment. Salaries on Burnham Lecturer II scale: £4,470-£7,149. One post may be as Senior Tutor, £6,597-£8,253. Accommodation available for one resident tutor. Particulars from **the Bursar, Fircroft College, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 6LH (021-472 0116).** Closing date for applications: **28 March.**

ADULT LITERACY SUPPORT SERVICES FUND

A Research/Project Officer

is required to work on the development of an information bank to be of maximum interest to the linguistic minorities in the UK. The information bank will be used in relation to a television programme which will have a varied subject matter through which it will show strategies for gaining functional literacy. Previous experience in the information and advice field is desirable as is an understanding of the linguistic minority community. The appointment will initially be for one year. Salary circa £6,000.

For further details:
ALSSF, 252 Western Avenue, London W3 6XJ. 01-992 5522.

THIRD WORLD FIRST

The national student campaign against world poverty needs a

Publications Officer

to organise production, distribution and marketing of two periodicals and other campaign/educational material and publications.

Typing, organising ability plus proven skill in writing, editing, layout and design are essential. Knowledge of development issues, UK student movement, marketing/distribution, is advantageous.

Salary scale: £3,500 - £5,900 (bar at £5,000 for new appointments).

Apply with full c.v. detailing qualifications, experience and reasons for applying to: **3W1 (PO), 232 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1UH.**

Closing date **25 March.**

ARTS COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN

invites applicants for the posts of

Drama Officer

Drama Department Officers deal with the assessment for subsidy of over one hundred theatre companies, new developments in drama and in writing for the theatre, and various aspects of training in the theatre. A lively mind, patience and stamina are essential, as is the ability to attend to detail without losing sight of broader issues. The work involves a substantial amount of travelling and meetings of all kinds.

Applicants should ideally have recent experience of working in the professional theatre or in arts or related administration.

Starting salary at £5,507 per annum rising to £6,991 per annum (under review from 1 January 1980) with additional payment for long hours, 22 days annual holiday plus 2½ days extra each year at Bank Holidays and non-contributory pension scheme.

Applicants should write with full curriculum vitae giving a day-time telephone number and names and addresses of two referees to (who may be approached prior to interview) **The Personnel Officer, Arts Council of Great Britain, 105 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AU,** from whom further details are available. Closing date: **Friday 14 March 1980.**

International Voluntary Service

IVS is looking for people who:

★ have basically sound ideas about what is going on in the world,
★ want genuinely to assist those caught in the underdevelopment trap and
★ have useful skills, training and experience to utilise and pass on.

Some current volunteer vacancies:

Botswana
For community development and youth training centres:
Vocational Training and Curriculum Development Officer; Business Managers/Administrative Organisers; Clothing Production Adviser; Building Instructors and Managers.

Lesotho
Librarian for National Library Service; **Farmers and Market Gardeners** and **General Technical** (Jack of all trades) **Persons** for integrated rural development project; **Agricultural Business Manager** for co-operative credit union.

Mozambique
For technical schools: **Teacher Training Organiser; Schools Equipment Co-ordinator; School Buildings Planner. Also Maths/ Science Teachers; Engineers** of all types; **Agri- and Horti-culturalists; GPs, Specialists, Nurse Tutors** and **Paramedics.**

Swaziland
Architect for rural clinics renovation; **Co-operative Secretary/Managers.**

All above on volunteer terms.

Write for details, including brief c.v. and s.a.e,. to:

Section OS38,
IVS,
53 Regent Road,
Leicester LE1 6YL.

IVS

COMMONWEALTH TRADE UNION COUNCIL

Personal Secretary

The CTUC has been established to promote the interests of trade unionists in Commonwealth countries and to maintain contact and influence with Commonwealth institutions.

A personal secretary to the Director is required who should hold high level secretarial skills and be able to manage a small office in London. Knowledge about the trade union movement and developing countries would be advantageous.

Salary £5,488-£5,992 depending on qualifications, age and experience.

Applications including CV by **7 March 1980** to: **Carl Wright, Director, Commonwealth Trade Union Council, 23-28 Great Russell Street, London WC1.**

SOCIALIST MEDICAL ASSOCIATION needs Office Secretary. 35 hr week. Minimum salary £3,750. All office skills except short-hand reqd. Application form from SMA, 9 Poland Street, W1V 3DG. Tel: 01-439 3395/01-346 5867. To be returned no later than Monday, 3 March.

WE ALWAYS HAVE interesting vacancies for graduates and 'A' level students, with accurate typing and office skills to work in non-commercial and educational organisations. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.), 92 Brompton Rd (opp. Harrods) SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

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If this is you, promote yourself in writing to reach me by 10th March.

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MONASTERY TOURS — YUGOSLAVIA. Organised by British Yugoslav Society, 15 days end April. Further details please call 01-499 4466.

WHY NOT LET YOUR HOME, in holidays, to a foreign family (or rent his home)? Intern. circle of teachers, officials etc. N. Hinloopen, Engl. Master, 35 Stetweg, Castricum, Holland.

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(a small "development" charity)
needs a

DEVELOPMENT POLICY WORKER

to further our policy and pressure group work on volunteer/aid programmes, and to represent the views of returned and serving volunteers working to change them.

Third World experience, clear perspective on and commitment to "development" and literacy are essential. London based, collective team structure: flexible 35 hour week; salary (under review) £4,100 plus LVs. Details and application form from **RVA, 1c Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 4JL (01-935 9447).** Closing date 7 **March.**

A second vacancy may arise soon for an INFORMATION WORKER to develop information/membership services. Details available after 10 March from address above.

NORWEGIAN FJORDS £125

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Phone Huddersfield 24269.

Secretary

Shaw Theatre requires secretary. Good shorthand and typing essential. Interest in theatre an advantage.

Apply to: **Paul Hill, General Manager, Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Road, London NW1 2AJ. Tel.: 01-388 0031.**

STELLA FISHER BUREAU: Secretarial skills are in demand. Be well placed by Stella Fisher whether graduate, 'A', 'O' level or mature TOPS retrainer. Introductions to Publishers, Social Welfare Bodies, the Media as well as to Commerce, the Professions and the Arts. Stella Fisher Bureau (Emp. Agy), 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644. (Opp. Strand Palace Hotel). Please ring for Sat. a.m. appts.

WORK HAZARDS ADVISORY SERVICE. Birmingham Hazards Group has received funding from the Inner City Partnership Programme to establish a health and safety advice and resource centre. The centre, which opens in April, is aimed at providing information and advice on occupational health and safety matters to employers, employees and community groups with a special emphasis on helping workers from ethnic minorities. Applications are invited for 2 posts, 1 full-time, 1 part-time, initially for a period of two years. Salary range £4,000-£5,000 or part-time equivalent. A car allowance will be paid. Applicants should send c.v. etc. to Birmingham Hazards Group by 22 March, Birmingham Hazards Group, 54 Gowan Road, Birmingham 8. For more details please phone 021-328 4184 (evenings).

POLITICAL RESEARCH ASSISTANT to provide briefing material for and act as liaison between the Labour Group of Strathclyde Regional Council and Ken Collins MEP. Applicants who should be members of the Labour Party with an interest in Europe will probably have a good honours degree in Economics, Politics, etc. Sal. neg. up to £6,000 and appointment for two years in the first instance. For further information tel. East Kilbride 37282.

THE PEACE PLEDGE UNION needs a full-time Worker to help with the development of campaigning work around the country and with educational projects in schools and colleges. Must be a pacifist. Ability to drive would be great asset. Modest salary. Further details from PPU, 6 Endsleigh Street, London WC1. (Tel. 01-387 5501). Closing date for applications: 20 March.

MERLIN PRESS needs someone for all round publishing work, proof reading, publicity, packing, etc. Part-time considered. 3 Manchester Road, Isle of Dogs, London E14 (opp. Greenwich).

Appt. Wanted

TRANSLATOR FROM FRENCH & GERMAN (freelance) is interested in new commissions. Examples of work available. Previous experience in publishing. Box 7670.

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3. **Folklore/Embroidery/Archaeology** — one week plus second week **Golden Sands on Black Sea — 2-16 August** — (air/full board) **£225.**

Special Geography and Archaeology Tours on request.

Apply to: **The British-Bulgarian Friendship Society, 283 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8QF. Tel: 01-837 7381 or St Albans 30521 or Bulgarian National Tourist Office, 126 Regent Street, London W1R 5FE. Tel: 01-437 2611.**

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Dr T. Taylor, Department of International Relations and Politics, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, College Road, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs ST4 2DE.

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Weekend schools for teachers of 'A' level Economics and History.

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19/20 April 1980

New Directions in Modern History
24/25 May 1980

Details from: **Mrs E. M. Roberts, Liaison Office, University of Essex, Colchester, Essex.**
(Telephone Colchester 862286 Ext 2375).

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BACKGROUND, SCRIPT ANALYSIS, ACTING

★ 14, 15, 16 March
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★ 9, 10, 11 May
Sophocles: 'Antigone' & 'Electra'

For details write to:
Street Court, Kingsland, Herefordshire HR6 9QA.
Tel: Pembridge 202.

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Applicants, analysed or intending to have analysis with a recognised psychotherapist and having academic or professional experience relevant to working with people. The three year course comprises weekly seminars, ongoing groups, supervision for first patients.

Write to: **The Secretary, AGIP, 29 St Marks Crescent, London NW1.**

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WOMAN 50s, intellectual, good cook, sks rooms, share expenses. One person. Country. Box 7797.

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THE WADICAL PARTY of the Centre is the Creative Party — 70 Cleveland Street, W1. 0273 699847.

BOYS AND GIRLS genuinely interested in International Friendship through correspondence, travel, language, exchange, etc. Write for free notice: Amis du Courrier, Castle Ave 30, 4880 Spa, Belgium.

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MATURE WOMAN, divorced, no children, early fifties, would like to meet unattached male of similar age. Interests: classical music, theatre, arts. Resident South of England. Box 7615.

WIDOWER, 63, living in Surrey, interested in politics, current affairs, books, raking about, wishes to meet female, up to 60 for serious relationship. Box 7740.

ATTRACTIVE MAN, 49, Polytechnic lecturer, seeks attractive woman (any colour: young or middle-aged), for warm-hearted friendship. Box 7806.

ATTRACTIVE, prof. f., 50ish, div., intell., tolerant, cheerful, sks kind, sincere m. interested arts, travel, people & life. London. Box 7805.

MATURE LADY (Devon), many interests, but lonely, would like sincere friendship, with tall, intelligent, retired gentleman. Car apprec. Compatibility important. Box 7757.

OXFORD: small, dark, pretty divorcee (40), with 14-year-old son, seeks intelligent male, for lasting relationship. Box 7738.

GENTLEMAN, 46, graduate, presentable, wishes to meet younger lady, interested in marriage if suited. Box 7782.

TALL, ATTRACTIVE, AUBURN-HAIRED home-loving f. 39 seeks m. 35-50. Friendship initially, hopefully towards perm. relationship. Lives outskirts London. Enjoys cooking, the arts, walking, talking. Practising Christian (Anglican). Box 7828.

RETIRED ARMY OFFICER, 50s, living in rural Devon, interests riding, reading, classical music, seeks pleasant, plumpish, dark haired lady who preferably has service background in women's forces, for friendship/marriage. Box 7830.

WIDOW, home loving, independent, very high standing, travelled, wishes to meet gentleman, intellectual, 60+. Box 7839.

MAN, 55, div., tall, non-driver, left wing, lives Ashford, Middlesex, enjoys the arts especially music, wishes to meet woman for committed relationship. Box 7836.

ARTIST, Canadian, female, late 30s, cultural interests, lover of seaside, seeks warm and lasting relationship, possibility marriage, with gentleman, similar interests. Box 7769.

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THE JANE AUSTEN BUREAU — introductions in all age groups immediately available. Free details from Brosnan House, Darkes Lane, Potters Bar, or call 44661.

'NOTHING IS GOOD OR FAIR, ALONE'. Everybody is somebody's ideal partner. You may be the answer to one of our clients' prayers. Write or phone London's premier intro service for unattached, professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, London W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs.).

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ARE YOU SEEKING MALE OR FEMALE gay new friends etc? Long standing service, all areas. Stamp: G. Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

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Daily Telegraph
"The brothers Marx, Karl and Groucho, have been working in unison... a real cracker."
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Hilarious... See it! (S.Times)
ARTS THEATRE
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ALDWYCH (Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404). Recorded booking info 836 5332. 'The Greeks', Ten Greek plays given as a trilogy. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Barrie Keeffe's 'Bastard Angel' (not suitable for children) and premiere Howard Barker's 'The Loud Boy's Life', and at Piccadilly Theatre in Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's 'Once in A Lifetime'.

NATIONAL THEATRE 928 2252. 'As You Like It', 'The Wild Duck', 'Richard III', 'When We Are Married', 'Thee and Me', 'The Iceman Cometh'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL, 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'My Brilliant Career' (U). Progs. 3.20, 5.20, 7.20, 9.20.

Meetings

GRESHAM LECTURES IN MEDICAL SCIENCE

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF STANDING

by Professor D. Slome
3 one-hour lectures at The City University, Northampton Square, London EC1.

7 March at 6 p.m., 14 March at 1 p.m. and 21 March at 6 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 4 March 'Wood from the Trees' by Dr D. J. B. White; 6 March 'Mass for the Dakota Sioux'. Film directed by Bruce Baillie, USA 1963-4. 'The Ballad of Crowfoot'. Film directed by Willie Dunn, Canada 1968. 11 March 'New Developments in Cancer Treatment' by Dr R. L. Souhami.

YOUNG FABIANS. Tessa Jowell of MIND will speak on 'Labour's Social Policy in the 1980s' at the LSE, Houghton St, WC2, Rm A506, Tues. 4 March 7.30 p.m.

THE ISAAC DEUTSCHER MEMORIAL PRIZE
RUDOLF BAHRO
will deliver
The Isaac Deutscher Memorial Lecture
at the London School of Economics, New Theatre, on 3 March at 7.15 p.m.

University of London
GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE
School of Adult and Social Studies
Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14 6NW
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Nuclear power — its use today and consideration of alternative energies.
Talk and Discussion led by
COLIN SWEET
Saturday 1 March 1980 2.30-6 p.m.
Tickets in advance (s.a.e. please) or at the door. Price 60p/30p for Retirement Pensioners or Full-Time Students. Only 5 mins from New X and New X Gate stations.

Ninth Sir John Adams Lecture
'The Government in the Classroom'
J. Myron Atkin, Dean of the School of Education, Stanford University, USA
Thursday 6 March 1980 at 6 p.m.
Logan Hall, University of London Institute of Education, Bedford Way, London WC1 (01-636 1500)
Admission free and without ticket

TOWARDS SELF-REALISATION
Free Public Lectures on Theosophy
Sunday 2 March 1980 at 7 p.m.
FOUNDATIONS OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE–1
Miss Ianthe Hoskins
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All welcome. Refreshments before and after lectures.

GRESHAM LECTURES IN LAW

THE MODERN CONFLICT OF THE LAWS

by Professor C. M. Schmitthoff
3 one-hour lectures at The Gresham College, Basinghall Street, London EC2 at 6 p.m.

6, 13 and 20 March

ADMISSION FREE

ROY HATTERSLEY on 'The Labour Party and the Cuts' at 1 p.m. Sunday 2 March, The Pindar of Wakefield (Pub), 328 Gray's Inn Road, WC1. 30p. Fabian Society. All welcome.

ZIMBABWE ELECTIONS talk by Colin Legum Thurs. 6 Mar. 1.15 p.m. Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. 01-836 1973.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Roy Hattersley MP on 'Public Expenditure Cuts' at the House of Commons, SW1, on Wednesday 5 March 7.30 p.m. All welcome.

SUNDAY MEETINGS at 'South Place', Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, 11 a.m. For March: 2nd Prof. Peter Self—Social Science and Social Wisdom. 9th, Dr Harry Stopes-Roe — Why Be Good? 16th, Peter Cadogan — Burying Bentham. And at 3 p.m. Alice Coleman — Land Use. 23rd, Dr Henryk Skolimowski — Science and Mysticism Revisited. 30th, Dr James Hemming — The Meaning of 'Spiritual'. Tel. 01-242 8032.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. Dr K. Graf Psychotherapist will speak on 'Naughty Girls' followed by discussion 7.30 p.m. Tuesday 4 March. Refreshments from 7.15 p.m. Community Rooms, Millman St (Eastside) WC1. Visitors welcome 50p (students 25p).

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. A Sense of Ireland Seminars: 29 Feb. 7.30 The Restructuring of the Southern State & Economy 80p; 1 Mar. 10.30-4.30 John Ford's Irish Films £1.50; 5 Mar. 7.30 Church, State And Morality 80p. 01-930 3647.

THE EMERGENCE of Maitreya—the Christ into public Teaching. Talks by Benjamin Creme — Alice Bailey Teachings background. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. 5, 11, 19, 26 March 7 p.m. Questions, Meditation/Transmission. All welcome.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public talk Sun. 2 March 8 p.m. 'True Meditation'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Publications 2

Children Under Apartheid

This book is the result of a photographic exhibition under the same title prepared by IDAF in response to a request from the Belgian government. Opening the exhibition M. Simonet, the Belgian Foreign Minister, drew attention to the effects of apartheid on children.

Mr John Wilson, the Irish Minister for Education, opening the exhibition in Dublin, said: 'The pictures tell their own sad story. I shall let them speak for themselves.'
IDAF has produced this book in co-operation with the UN Centre Against Apartheid.
120 pages, 110 photographs; price £2.50 (includes p. & p. in UK only); published 1980 (ISBN 0 904759 31 8).
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New Left Review 119

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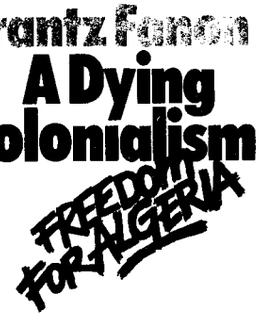

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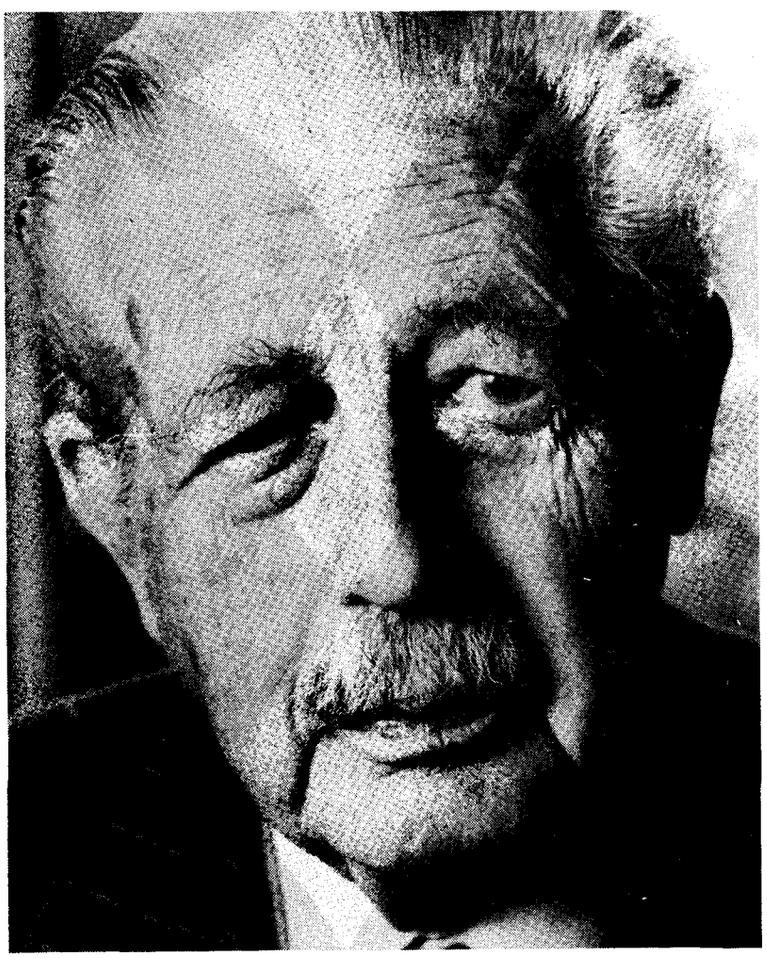

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